Royko: Death of a Saloon

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the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

The Cincinnati Monkey Trial

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. on Larry Flynt

A. James McAdams: The Lady is a Priest

Peter Viereck: Id Lib, a blues poem

Terry Quist: Psychotherapy, Soviet-style

Robert H. Bork: The Universities and the Regulators

Patrick Cosgrave: Mrs. Thatcher's Next Move

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

■ From February 13 to March 18, little that could be described as unusual occurred in the world. Washington was terrorized by a band of youthful idealists under the leadership of a spiritual rigorist, there were more instances of mass murder and political kidnapping; and there continued that symphony of jeremiads against science, technology, and our insane economic system, a system that is causing unparalleled travail for the sorely pressed citizenry. Internationally there was terrorism, political repression, and renewed debate over the health of Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada. Taking one thing with another it was pretty much politics as usual.

■ A disagreement over tactics for the second generation of the civil rights movement manifested itself in early March. Moderates, under Dr. Hamaas Abdul Khaalis, showed a clear desire to work within the system—perhaps even to improve it—while an Ohio activist bearing the simple Christian name of Cory C. Moore has apparently given up on the system altogether. In fact he is advocating a venturesome departure in race relations not only in America but also throughout the world. On March 7 Mr. Moore, a 25-year-old ex-Marine described by relatives as "not violent, but frustrated," took two hostages at gunpoint and demanded that President Carter apologize for importunities America has been making upon blacks dating all the way back to 1619. More controversial and difficult was his attendant demand that all whites—including Miss Lillian—evacuate the planet by March 14. Given the cutback in our space program it is far from certain that the federal government possesses a sufficient number of vehicles for such an exodus, and even if it does there remain thorny policy questions. NASA spacecraft have never met consumerist safety standards and this puts Mr. Moore's plan on a collision course with Ralph Nader. Not only that, but such a vast population shift would certainly imperil the solvency of the social security program. As anxious hour piled upon anxious hour the complexities of Mr. Moore's proposal multiplied with no feasible solution presenting itself. Finally the innovative young activist took matters in his own hands and surrendered under the stipulation that he be allowed a telephone chat with Mr. Carter; a brave gesture that, and a sign of Mr. Moore's devotion to his people, for an earlier telephone conversation with President Carter by the Rev. James Baker of Ridgeland, South Carolina had proved fatal for the caller. This conversation went more smoothly, but before the President could carry Mr. Moore's plan to the Cabinet Mr. Moore was upstaged by Dr. Khaalis, a 56-year-old Hanafi Muslim and devoted basketball fan, whose devotion to the sport had earlier won him a handsome Washington mansion from Los Angeles Lakers *artiste* Mr. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

■ On March 9, during a week in which the Lakers were idle, Dr. Khaalis showed his determination to make the legal system work when he and eleven apostles armed with guns, machetes, and a single but powerful crossbow captured 134 hostages in three different Washington buildings and threatened to commence the most extensive privately held beheading ever undertaken in the United States and its territories. The thing would get under way just after lunch unless he was compensated for a $750 court fine imposed on him in 1973 and unless seven Black Muslims, who for the greater glory of Allah had butchered Dr. Khaalis' wives and drowned his infant children in a sink, were brought to him for Koranic justice. So eloquent was he on the question of law and order that police gathered from all over Washington. For 39 hours government officials negotiated. FBI and State Department terrorist experts were called in as were psychiatrists, a Koran scholar, and three ambassadors from Moslem nations, but no one could figure what to do about the lone crossbow. Background information on Dr. Khaalis was exiguous, police intelligence agencies having long ago destroyed such information to avoid lawsuits from civil liberties organizations. Then just as it seemed that Dr. Khaalis was about to release his hostages a Washington talk show hostess telephoned him and barraged him with the kind of "tough" questions for which that medium has grown famous. After the experience poor Dr. Khaalis seemed shaken and skittish, and support for him rallied even among the *Polizei*. An ensuing lecture on the indignities white America has laid upon the memory of Adolf Hitler and the reputation of Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada left him exhausted and close to tears. But when negotiators mentioned that he might be freed on his own recognizance and that the Lakers were playing the Washington Bullets on March 11, a new spirit of cooperation filled Dr. Khaalis, who surrendered on that day, leaving only one Howard University student dead and nineteen hostages shot, stabbed, or beaten. Washington officials rejoiced at the happy ending and the press marveled at the complexity and obvious frustration of this singular visionary.

■ In legal news there still is no word on the possible appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court of Mr. Charles A. Venner, IV's recent drug conviction. Mr. Venner is the ill-starred young man whose scheme to smuggle hashish into Maryland through balloons ingested in Morocco ended catastrophically when the hashish leaked into his stomach, causing him to become episodically lethargic, euphoric, drowsy, and hospitalized. Investigations into Mr. Venner's abnormal stools revealed 21 balloons full of the corpus delicti. Mr. Venner's claim that he had been subjected to illegal search and seizure was given the old heave-ho by Maryland's Court of Special Appeals, which held that the balloons were not subject to Constitutional protections because they were legally considered "abandoned property." Subsequently, Judge Marvin H. Smith of the Maryland Court of Appeals pointed out that Mr. Venner had made no effort "to protest the removal of his excreta," nor could he have expected that his waste would be protected by the Constitution "for the simple reason that human experience is to abandon it immediately." In the more enlightened state of New Jersey, 42-year-old Jacinto Arnold Emanuel escaped a jail term when appearing before Superior Court Judge Fred C. Galda, the famed progressive and humanitarian. Noting that Emanuel was in the last stages of a medical sex change, Judge Galda decided that he could not in conscience send the convicted burglar to either a men's or a women's prison, so he gave Emanuel a 90-day suspended sentence. Galda also asked sheriff's officers to carry Emanuel's suitcase. Finally the Louisiana Supreme Court has upheld conviction of Mr. Rayfield Hoffman, the narcoleptic, who on Christmas night in 1974 fell asleep while raping a New Orleans woman.

■ Two men dressed as women robbed a Baton Rouge bank and made good their escape after distributing women's liberationist literature, possibly to remind bank guards of their potential for violence. A Washington, D.C. man failed in his attempt to rob the National Permanent Federal Savings & Loan Association with a banana wrapped in black tape. And Mr. Keith Baynes, the likeable albeit harebrained New Yorker who attempted to rob the European-American Bank languishes in jail all because of his slovenly penmanship, his cooperative nature, and the treachery of bank teller Miss Kitty Madden, who coolly returned Mr. Baynes' robbery note protesting that she found it illegible. As Mr. Baynes dutifully labored over his second draft, she tripped the silent alarm and Mr. Baynes was set upon even as he carved out "This is a..."

■ The Argentine government is taking positive action against subversion in that country. In February it banned all who wear beards from traveling abroad or even owning driver's licenses. On February 22 Mr. Bill Walton, the health-food adept, returned to the National Basketball Association lineup after spending another month on the injured list. And the renowned Northwest Bait and Ecology Farms of Twin Falls Idaho—ever eager to improve the nation's diet—has announced a worm recipe contest. Noting that the protein-packed and plentiful little creatures have never gained wide acceptance in the American diet, though Robin Redbreasts thrive on them, the Northwest Bait and Ecology Farms plans to award prizes for the most luscious recipes and will eventually publish a worm cookbook.

■ Reports continue to circulate regarding the cruel treatment of rats by the Food and Drug Administration. According to latest reports that ban on saccharin only went into effect after ghoulish researchers had walloped their rats with what would for humans amount to a daily dose of eight hundred bottles of diet soft drink for seventy years! Yet, thus far, antivivisectionists are mum. The Senate Nutrition Committee heard chilling testimony that "six times as many women of lower social class are obese as those of upper social class." It was devastating news for committee chairman Senator George McGovern, a man who has devoted his life to securing the poor from just such horrible exploitations. And in Oklahoma City Miss Elsie Breath observed her 40th birthday and 40th year on welfare. Miss Breath is a modern American colossus. Born to parents who were themselves on assistance, she lives with seven children and three grandchildren—

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EDITORIAL
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Poet on a Fuzzy Toilet Seat Cover

How inscrutable are the ways of history! Who ever would have imagined that someday our nation's most gifted intellectuals would be beholden to a dirty-necked grammar school drop-out, recently risen from grubby obscurity to become America's foremost pimp and merchandiser of marital aids? But facts are facts, and today such high-minded adepts of *la vie intellectuelle* as Gay Talese and Jann Wenner are inflamed over the enormities being visited upon poor Mr. Larry C. Flynt [pronounced Flint], the driving force behind Leasure Time Products and Hustler Magazine, Inc. Thanks to Mr. Flynt the consciences of poseurs like Talese are again secreting vast charges of moral indignation. Mr. Flynt has given them a heroic cause, and they are thankful. Suddenly, they can experience *l'affaire Dreyfus*, the Sacco and Vanzetti trial, the McCarthy Era, and other horrors too dispiriting to recount. All they had to do was to sign a petition comparing the lower-court conviction of an American millionaire to the imprisonment, torture, and extermination of thousands of Soviet dissidents. They were glad to do it. Opportunities for heroism in post-Nixonian America come so infrequently.

Biographical material on Mr. Flynt will always be scanty. There is little to say about him that is interesting or, for that matter, even uninteresting. He is thirty-four years old, has made a lot of money from dealing in life's seedier merchandise, and recently entered holy wedlock with one Althea Leasure, a cutie whose photographs give evidence that she has a proclivity for spilling food on herself. In less than a decade the profits from his enterprises—profits that would be judged unconscionable were they amassed in any other business—have made him a millionaire. Yet, notwithstanding his mounds of money, Mr. Flynt remains a hopelessly pathetic slob whose trashy life still finds its most precise trope in that peculiar American furnishing, the fuzzy toilet seat cover. In quality of mind and manner he is at one with the likes of Mr. James Earl Ray and Mr. Juan Corona, the convicted killer of 25 farm workers, though in fairness to Mr. Flynt he is more the humanist than either of the above and, as one can easily deduce from the civil libertarian catechism that he orates by rote, he is far less an authoritarian. He fancies himself somewhat of a liberal and at times is capable of ratiocinations reminiscent of Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith at the height of his powers, as when he averred: "Obscenity is like the concept of sin—it defies definition...In a free society nobody should be a judge." On the other hand he is given to pinning American flags on his leisure suits. And he apparently feels the stirrings of public service, for he has begun a campaign in *Hustler* against the smoking menace, on pages that might otherwise feature a pair of brass knuckles, a whip, or an anus. Soon or late his latent public-spiritedness will doubtless goad him to crusades against prostatitis, venereal disease, and some of those unmentionable kinds of cancer that so frequently vex his cosmopolitan readership. Nevertheless, I suspect that his future is not to be so sunny, for his present sadness suggests something else about him: Mr. Flynt is a born loser. At a booming time when a host of sex barons are freely publishing all ilk of prurient and perverse treasures poor Mr. Flynt has gotten himself convicted of "pandering obscenity and engaging in organized crime." Today he wriggles furiously to avoid seven to twenty-five years residence in an Ohio slammer.

Plastic Darrows

Now I, as a strict civil libertarian, am as grateful to Mr. Flynt for his troubles as is Mr. Talese—but for different reasons. Mr. Talese is grateful for the opportunity to solemnly explicate his idiotic insight into "the connection between the sexual and the political." I am grateful because Mr. Flynt has given Mr. Talese this opportunity. It is extremely useful to have the ethical and intellectual quacks of the land displaying their hollow values and trashy achievements, for it gives serious civil libertarians a chance to identify and reflect on the country's intellectual rot. In most countries there exist congeries of citizens who are threats to freedom and to culture, but in our modern era it is extremely difficult to identify them. They no longer live in the nation's backwaters, but have moved to the cities, taken over many of our cultural institutions, and learned to palm off their quackery as progressive thought and liberal behavior. They exploit decent values for their own gain. What they have done with Flynt is typical of them. They have taken one worthy principle of freedom —freedom of the press—disfigured it, and exploited it for short-term profits. If they continue unchallenged, there will come a time when there will be no freedom of expression nor much freedom of any other sort, for the citizenry will not know what freedom of expression is and the social tumult our quacks will have ushered in will pre-empt the respect for freedom the citizenry once had.

The present war for Mr. Flynt's rights is a farce waged by vicarious civil libertarians. The stage is alive with a mob of plastic Darrows hollering for a plaster Dreiser. No knowledgeable observer doubts for a moment that a court decision or two from now Mr. Flynt will be scot-free and ready for his next boorish misadventure. Serious defenders of civil liberties would never commit the atrocity of comparing a slob like Flynt to Soviet dissidents. Nor would they raise such a fundamentally unimportant matter as "sexual expression" to the level of political and intellectual freedom. For the most part our vicarious civil libertarians are the same meretricious celebrities who provide razzle for the Republic's intellectualoids. Suggestive of their character, Mr. John Dean, the Mary Magdalen of Watergate turned author, is among them. Think of it—an "author" whose best-seller was ghost-written now defends a "dissident" whose dissidence makes him one of the wealthiest and freest publishers in the world! If there were a serious threat to civil liberties in America, you can be sure that this pack of impostors would be over at Elaine's or another of their toney Manhattan salons, primly sipping apéritifs, quoting the late Paul Elmer More and eagerly awaiting the opportunity to stride forth on the pages of the *New York Times* as principled advocates of chaste reading and uplift.

Nothing is more revealing about today's vicarious civil libertarians than their biographies. How many defenders of Larry Flynt ever rushed out in the early 1960s to defend the Negro as he struggled in the deep South for some of the most elemental civil liberties? And even more instructive, how many actually journeyed to the deep South to stand with Negro civil rights activists who were getting their heads kicked in during marches and voter drives? How many speak out against the treatment accorded citizens behind the Iron Curtain? How many have parted with their loose nickels and dimes to support these poor souls? Since April of 1974 Alexander Solzhenitsyn has spent at least $360,000 on the cause of civil liberties in the Soviet Union. How much support does Mr. Talese send?

The sorry fact of the matter is that in America today those bogus civil libertarians who make the noisiest spectacle of themselves on issues of human liberty generally know little about it and could care less. They are either opportunists, poseurs, or ignoramuses. This is true not only in the asinine debate over the First Amendment but also in the hyperbole of civil rights. Those hinds who have monop-

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A. James McAdams

Ordaining the Zeitgeist

"Our times demand" the ordination of women priests.
Not our faith, but our times.

There are now women priests in the Episcopal Church of America. To non-Episcopalians, this fact may seem insignificant. But to those in the church, the admission of women to an office once reserved exclusively for males is extraordinary indeed. Some Episcopalians have expressed whole-hearted approval for the change; others have condemned it as heretical. Both sides agree, however, that the new priesthood represents nothing short of a radical break with traditional church practice, a break, furthermore which is likely to have consequences reaching far beyond the religious domain.

When church authorities met this past September at the Minneapolis meeting of the Episcopal General Convention, they were hardly in agreement on the idea of women priests. The ordination of women had been voted down at the Conventions of 1970 and 1973, and church authorities had censured the three retired Bishops who ordained eleven women in Philadelphia in 1974, but the ordination of these women (as well as that of four others in Washington) had set in motion an intensive lobbying effort for an official change. Thus, when the ordination issue was brought to the floor in September, the vote was close. Of the two houses of the Episcopal Church's governing body, the House of Bishops approved the ordination of women with the support of only 60 percent of the prelates. The vote in the House of Deputies (which represents both laity and clergy) was even closer. The laity voted 64 to 49 and the clergy only 60 to 54 to grant final approval to the changed composition of the priesthood. The Convention also took steps to adopt a substantially revised version of the church's Book of Common Prayer, an initiative which, for many Episcopalians, signaled a drastic departure from the communion's doctrinal and liturgical heritage. Keeping close step with its reformist orientation, the Convention also passed a resolution recognizing homosexuals as full members of the church and tacitly acknowledging homosexuality as an alternative lifestyle. In fact, the ordination of homosexuals will be the chief topic of the next Episcopal conference in 1979, and there is, in view of the church's current disposition, relatively little doubt that it too will be approved.*

But the ordination of women is by far the most controversial issue confronting Episcopalians, and its acceptance represents nothing short of a revolutionary change in the church's self-conception. The ordination of women is in fact so controversial a measure that it may eventually rip the church apart. On the ecumenical level, the consequences have already proven profound. Both the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches have condemned the new ordination policy, and the Polish National Catholic Church has severed its ties of intercommunion with the Episcopal Church.

The reasons for this controversy are to a great extent historical. Traditionally, the Episcopal Church has occupied an unusual position among Christian churches in the sense that it has acted as a sort of bridge between "old world" catholic conceptions of faith and dogma, on the one hand, and "new world" Protestant conceptions, on the other. Generally speaking, there are three major types of Episcopalians, "high," "broad," and "low," the first being catholic-minded, and the latter two leaning toward Protestantism. "Low," or evangelical, Episcopalians are split on the ordination issue, and because they are numerically the smallest of the three types, they have exercised the least clout in the debate. Thus, the battle has principally been waged between "broad" and "high" Episcopalians, each of which has a different view of the church.

The "broad" Protestant perspective is primarily organizational and functional; church offices are seen as administrative, pastoral, and oriented to teaching and preaching. In contrast, while the catholic perspective includes all of these functions, it is primarily based on the notion of a ministry of sacrifice, that is, on the representation of Christ's sacrifice for mankind. In the action of the Mass, the catholic priest is the representative of Christ. Because the Christian God chose to become incarnate in male form and because Christ selected only men to number among His Apostles, catholic Episcopalians argue that the priest can only be male. When he is ordained, the priest is recognized as a "Priest in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of God." Only men can take part in the "apostolic succession" which emanates *directly* from Christ, and to put women in the position of acting as Christ's vicars would be to set everything askew.

This catholic view is bolstered through the appeal to sacred Scriptures. Generally, catholics favor literal interpretations of Scriptures, and when they read that "the man is the head of the woman, just as Christ also is the head of the Church" (Ephesians 5:23) and find, furthermore, that "it is a shocking thing that a woman should address the congregation" (I Corinthians 14:35), they are bound to take such teachings seriously. Historically, both this emphasis on Scriptural revelation and the appeal to Christ's

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* In fact, an affirmative vote would seem guaranteed, since one avowed lesbian, Ellen Marie Barrett, who believes that "homosexuality is an alternative life-style that can be a good and creative thing," has *already* been ordained. Significantly, her ordination comes also at a time when one Washington, D.C. priest has announced that he will soon "marry" a homosexual couple.

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precedent have combined to serve as the bases of the Episcopal conception of priesthood and, in this light, the decision to ordain women may be seen quite logically—by "broad" and "high" churchmen alike—as ridding the church of much of its catholic temper.

The ordination of women would thus seem an outright victory for Protestant Episcopalians, and on the surface at least, this example of church reform would seem to be just another of the many products of the "winds of change" of the present age. But the issue is not solely religious. For one thing, Protestants do not claim to have "priests." They have "ministers," and catholics see nothing wrong with women ministers. To ordain women priests, however, is to violate catholic sacraments. It is to preserve a superficial catholicism but to drain it of content. There is something incongruous here, and theology alone will not help us expose the driving issues at hand.

Rage Stage

From the ordination debate, in fact, more can be learned about the pursuit of the Spirit of the Times, the *Zeitgeist*, than about the workings of the Holy Spirit. One is astonished at the readiness of the proponents of women's ordination unabashedly to admit this influence. One pro-ordination priest, Robert Wright, has put the matter in a convenient nutshell. "*Our times demand*," he has proclaimed, that "both sexes be given the opportunity of serving as ordained ministerial priests" (emphasis added). Not our faith, but our times. Indeed, we find that the issue is permeated with a spirit of revolution and upheaval, a passion and a fervor pregnant with the hopes for a "new world" to come. This is the spirit which has moved one Roman Catholic woman to intone: "I'm in the rage stage, which comes just before revolution!" And, it is the very same spirit which has compelled one leader of the National Coalition for Women's Ordination to admit: "It [ordination] was 20 months of hard work, carefully programmed, and feeling sure that the Spirit was calling the Church into a new age"—a remark which prompted one magazine to ask: "Are we to believe that the Holy Spirit directed the political campaign?" A similar passion brought post-Convention sighs of relief and exhilaration to one of the Philadelphia 11: "I feel very much like I did when I heard that the war in Vietnam was over."

This quasi-revolutionary fervor is central to the new direction that the church is taking. In large measure, the debate centers on the priority of authority and the challenging of its validity—a spirit which the '60s certainly did a great deal to foster. And, clearly, the decision of 15 women to participate in irregular ordinations was representative of such a challenge (and denial) of authority. Thus, one of the women, Jeannette Piccard, could proclaim triumphantly: "I am a priest. The bishops can recognize me or not—but they can't do anything to invalidate the sacrament."

But there is more to the issue than this particular denial of authority. In fact, what lies at the heart of the matter seems to be a total antipathy for any authority whatsoever. Authority inhibits; it limits one's pursuit of freedom, one's right to choose to act as one pleases. Thus, one of the ordained women, Alla Bozarth-Campbell, could use one of her homilies to urge "everyone to actively seek out his or her own freedom." Similarly, Malcolm Boyd, priest, novelist, and social critic (who used the floor of the Convention freely to announce his "gayness" to the world) has explained that "we are persons with acceptably different parts of our natures—and we are free even as God is free." In the same vein, the most outspoken of the "Philadelphia deacons," Carter Heyward, has expressed the conviction that she has "a right to choose and shape my own life; a responsibility in fact to claim my own authority and live accordingly. No one can deny me this right; or bear the burden of responsibility for me." Ms. Heyward's is, by the way, no mean statement since the priesthood has heretofore been considered a calling, not a right.

Of course, it comes as no surprise that the rhetoric of the pro-ordination movement bears close similarities to that of the cause of women's liberation. Again, Ms. Heyward's words are instructive. She informs us in her book, *A Priest Forever*, that "as in all matters of justice, one is faced with the choice essentially between the worship of God and the worship of an idol—in this case the phallus of male anatomy, every bit as much an idol as the breasts of fertility goddesses might be considered." Who has perpetuated this unfortunate myth? The very same forces, we are informed, that have oppressed American minorities for centuries. Since the church has taken a strong stand against racism, it can only court hypocrisy if it fails to take a similarly strong stance on sexism. One high-ranking laymember of the church, Charles Willie, has summed up the contention. "There are," he argues, "parallels between the Civil Rights Movement and the Women's Movement and this is what we are witnessing today. In reality both are freedom movements for men as well as women, and for blacks and browns as well as whites." Evidently, some Episcopal leaders have come to see the light. Speaking after the Convention vote, one bishop, John Spong of Newark, remarked: "The issue is simple justice. From time to time in history we have oppressed Blacks, American Indians. We have treated women as property." But, Spong continues, the ordination of women is a breath of fresh air. "We Christians have known some great moments; when we have challenged injustice, our actions have led to great revelations...I have no fear of the future or of change."

Naturally, the great *bête noire* of the movement is the issue of sex, that is, specifically the difference between the sexes, and the controversy over this topic has produced some unusual and innovative interpretations of Christian theology. Christ can't have been only male, so He must also have been female, or possibly neuter. It is anathema, too, to speak of God as "He"; why not also as "She"? (Tired of being barraged by depictions of God that suggest His maleness, Fr. Boyd wonders why we don't have pictures that suggest "Lillian Hellman or Helen Keller, Eleanor Roosevelt or Marian Anderson.") The issue is clearly a matter of equal opportunity for women.

Sex Will Never Be the Same

Nevertheless, there is one major stumbling block which the advocates of the female priesthood have had to overcome. The problem has been that their opponents do not maintain that women are inferior, only that they are different. Clearly, the dilemma lies in this alleged "difference" between the sexes. As Emily Hewitt and Suzanne Hiatt address the subject in their *Women Priests: Yes or No?*, "the insistence that women are not inferior but simply different from men in profound and irreducible ways has a disquietingly familiar ring. It reminds us of the 'separate but equal' doctrine in education which this country devoutly cherished for so many years." Yet, argue the ordination advocates, men and women are not only equal in the mundane terms of democratic politics; they are, moreover, equal in all the essentials. In line with Jungian psychology, each man has his female side; each woman, her male counterpart. What differences exist between the two sexes are trivial, insignificant. Ms. Heyward knows this. It was in "my childhood," she confesses, "that I first became aware of what I now would name *androgyny*, the interesting blending of so-called 'male' and 'female' characteristics in all people." From this admission onward, the road to the priesthood is an easy one. Since no man, hence no priest, is wholly male, and since every woman is partially male, it follows more-or-less logically that women can be ordained. Whichever side of this debate one wishes to take, one thing is perfectly clear—sex will never be quite the same.

But there is also an obstacle that cannot be resolved through the recourse to psychology, and that is the power of precedent, of tradition. As the opponents of the "new church" argue, priests cannot be female since Christ chose only males for His disciples. But here the advocates turn to sociology to bolster their claims. Christ's actions, they contend, must not be taken too seriously. Either He was blinded by the "environmental conditioning" of His milieu and failed to appreciate the potential role of women, or He was merely inhibited by the hostility of His society to such a heightened female role. These are curious arguments since it is, first of all, odd to attribute myopia to the incarnation of a deity that

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is supposed to be omniscient and timeless. Furthermore, it is equally strange to imagine Christ environmentally inhibited since He destroyed practically every other social convention of His time ("You have heard what is said....But I say unto you," Matthew 5:43). In fact, the sociological argument seems to falter on its own logic. "What is truly amazing," writes Orthodox priest Alexander Schmemann, "is that while absolutely convinced that they understand past 'cultures,' the advocates of women's ordination seem to be totally unaware of their own cultural conditioning, of their own surrender to 'culture.' "

Of course, the psychological and sociological arguments are part of a larger picture, and they tell us quite a great deal about the state of the American mind, its likes, its dislikes, and its changing sympathies. As social scientists have argued in recent years, we are presently undergoing a dramatic shift in our attitudes toward change and in the criteria we employ in assessing the relevance and validity of cherished institutions. This shift can be seen as one aspect of an emergent "post-industrial" era, an age in which a premium is put upon science, rationality, and efficiency and in which old myths, traditions, and sentiments are exposed for their ostensive lack of practicality and cast aside. In large measure, it is this trend clothed in the progressive raiments of the *Zeitgeist* which—for better or worse—feeds the fires of church revision.

As the *National Catholic Reporter* has editorialized in support of the ordination of women in its own church: "Holding women back from full ordination in the Roman Catholic Church is a denial of common sense." And, if one thinks about it, there is certainly more than just a grain of truth to this assertion. A woman can do almost anything a man can do, so why not ordain women? But the appeal to "common sense" is a tricky exercise, for all human beings, whether they live in huts or condominiums, tend to act on the basis of what makes common sense to them. Otherwise, we should be inclined to characterize their behavior as abnormal, or deviant. What the *NCR* has in mind is something specifically modern, "scientific" common sense, and this orientation is manifestly incompatible with traditional approaches to questions of faith and practice. Take, for example, C.S. Lewis' traditionalist case against women's ordination. When we talk about the sexes, he writes, "we are dealing with male and female not merely as facts of nature but as the live and awful shadows of realities utterly beyond our control and largely beyond our direct knowledge." Modern common sense revolts against such a claim. How could such a statement be verified? How could anything of importance or consequence lie beyond our direct control and knowledge?

The Transformation of Faith

This question of "control" is of course inextricably bound up with the ascendancy of scientific rationalism in modern times. For this reason, it should not surprise us to find that the greatest opposition to women's ordination comes from Anglican churches churches in the "unenlightened" African continent. American post-industrial man, however, is prone to rebel against his past, increasingly demanding reasons, *concrete* reasons, for his actions and beliefs. He likes to know what he is doing, and he likes to have control over it. This makes the going quite rough for those aspects of human experience—sexuality, the family, marriage—which have never pretended to be wholly justifiable according to the standards of positive science. The climate is particularly unpropitious for faith itself. Faith is of course central to catholic doctrine, but it is also no small matter for Protestants since, it will be remembered, faith is precisely what they chose to defend in their Reformation. This is one reason why religious Americans were at least slightly shocked when they recently heard Barbara Walters interview Jacqueline Means, the first women to be ordained under new Episcopal law. (I paraphrase the discussion.) Ms. Walters posed a question that one would think to be rather daring: "Rev. Means, do you consider yourself to be a woman of strong religious faith?" The response: "No, Barbara, I do not. But I do believe in caring, and that's what religion's all about, isn't it?" Yes, religion *is* about caring. But there is (or was) certainly more to it than just that.

This re-working, whether systematic or casual, of religious conviction would appear to fit quite nicely with the demands we have encountered for the fabrication of the "new age." The literature on women's ordination bears this suspicion out, for the altered priesthood is only the beginning of a larger protest which extends far beyond matters of religion. As far as the sexual dimensions of this movement are concerned, we are reasonably well-informed. As Boyd writes, "when a priest is a woman, even God is no longer male. Then we must *really* see that our sex roles are to be discarded." Ms. Hewitt and Ms. Hiatt are more explicit. "The problem we now face," they explain, "is that the old patterns are changing and we can no longer be as clear as we once were about which sex should do what. In fact, sex is proving diminishingly effective as a way to organize society." "We are," Ms. Heyward elaborates, "agents of transformation." Once the church is reformed, one might assume, the way will be opened for the reorganization of American life. But it is still too early to predict the course of this imminent social reformation.

The victory, however, of women's ordination is, at best, only a partial one, because the battle in the Episcopal Church is by no means finished. Some Episcopalians have left the Church for other churches. Others have simply split from the church body, while retaining the "Episcopal" designation. This is the case with the recent withdrawal of the Colorado parish of St. Mary's Episcopal Church. As its rector, James Mote, explained the action, "we are not leaving the church. The Episcopal Church has left us by creating a new Protestant sect." Schism is no minor problem at the moment. And, various catholic-leaning groups are presently in the initial stages of organizing a separate Episcopal communion on a national scale.

Yet, it would be incorrect to suppose that other churches do not share the pressures of the Episcopal Church. The Roman Catholic Church, in particular, seems to be increasingly swayed by the breezes of the *Zeitgeist*. At the recent Catholic "Call to Action" conference in Detroit, priests and laymen levelled a series of demands, many of which would have been considered "unthinkable" a few years back. Numbering among these were women's ordination, the elimination of sexist language from church documents, support for affirmative action, social justice in the third world, revision of church laws concerning divorce, the right to birth control, and the condemnation of nuclear arms proliferation. Of course, the conference was immediately condemned by several U.S. bishops and, doubtless, was not favorably received by the Holy See. But one should be careful not to underestimate the forces of change in Roman Catholicism, for it too is subject to the very same currents which have polarized the Episcopal Church.

Evidently, 1976 was a tumultuous year for at least one major American church, and that experience could indeed prove a harbinger of future changes in other churches. The study of religion is important because it is one of the few indicators that we have of the sources and motivations of human action. In the past, it has been conceivable to point to this or that aspect of church dogma to explain why people acted (or failed to act) in the way they did. The church could be seen as acting—for better or worse—as a strategic factor influencing society's course. To be sure, the relation between church and society is a reciprocal one, and society has always exercised some influence on religious belief and practice. But it is evidently society which now has the upper hand, indeed so much so that religion's freedom of movement might be

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called into question. This is why it is not surprising to find that one of the Philadelphia 11, Betty Bone Schiess, was so determined to be licensed as a priest that she filed civil suit against her bishop, charging him with illegal sex discrimination. As if the courts could decide what people must believe. In light of this trend, we might find ourselves wondering whether religion will continue to be truly religious if it comes to reflect the play of societal forces alone.

George Gallup has recently pointed to a resurgence of religious conviction in America and, as everyone knows, the U.S. has been blessed with a President twice-born. Does this mean that religion is on the upswing? Perhaps. Yet it is important to note that many of our churches are of a radically different stance and color than their predecessors of just a generation ago. As Tom Hayden, erstwhile revolutionary and U.S. Senate candidate, has solemnly observed, the radicalism of the '60s has become the common sense of the '70s. It is not up to this writer to predict whether the changes in American religion *and* in American lifestyles presage either the bliss of a bacchanalian revel or the gloom of an Orwellian nightmare. It is enough to admit, simply, that the proponents of women's ordination are right about one thing—we *are* entering a new age. ❑

Terry Quist

Psychotherapy, Soviet-style

How Soviet psychiatrists cure dissidents' delusions.

The horror of "psikhushki" [the mad house] gripped me from the start. In the ward there were more patients than beds. I was put as the third person on two bunks that had been pushed together. On the beds patients were writhing from haloperidol. One man's tongue was lolling out, another was rolling his eyes, a third walked around unnaturally bent over. Some lay and groaned with the pain—they had been given injections of sulphur. As they explained to me, they were being punished for bad behavior....

When I woke up the next morning, I saw two male nurses beating up a patient....

The patients immediately explained to political prisoners that they shouldn't complain here. If you did you were given a reinforced treatment of neuroleptics, injections of sulphur, they prevented you going to the toilet.

You had to admit to the doctors you were ill and renounce your views.

So speaks Leonid Plyushch of the horror of his first days in the Dnepropetrovsk special psychiatric hospital in the Soviet Union. (1) The history of his madness is not explained. Born in 1939, Plyushch began writing neo-Marxist dissident tracts in 1966. In 1968 he was sacked from his post as a mathematician; in 1969 he joined the Initiative Group for the Defense of Human Rights in the Soviet Union; in 1972 he was arrested and jailed for six months. Diagnosed later that year by state psychiatrists as afflicted with "sluggish schizophrenia from an early age," Plyushch began the internment at Dnepropetrovsk which ended only with his expulsion from the country in January 1976.

General Pyotr Grigorenko, born in 1907, was a Party member at age 20. He became a decorated war hero and wrote more than 60 scholarly works on military science. In 1961 he delivered an anti-Stalinist speech and commenced anti-Khrushchev and anti-government fulminations, all from a Marxist perspective. He was arrested in 1964; although declared non-accountable and committed to a pyschiatric prison for 15 months, he was deprived of his pension. Grigorenko subsequently gained notoriety by protests on behalf of dissidents such as Andrei Sinyavsky, Yuri Daniel, Alexander Ginzburg, and Anatoly Marchenko. Fearing the publicity of an arrest in Moscow, authorities detained Grigorenko in 1969 while he was testifying in Tashkent for the rights of Crimean Tatar leaders. Psychiatrists at Tashkent declared him sane and accountable, but perspicacious physicians at the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow rectified the error and bundled him off to Chernyakhovsk psychiatric prison. After vigorous Western protest, Grigorenko was released in June of 1974, physically broken by his imprisonment.

Gennady Shimanov ignored a summons for psychiatric examination for several months. In late April of 1969, he was finally taken from his work to a clinic, where he was frankly informed: "...inquiries are coming to us from the KGB....It seems you have been behaving incorrectly." From the clinic he was sent to Kashchenko hospital for a couple of weeks for observation.

Shimanov had engaged in no dissident political activities; his "incorrect behavior" consisted entirely in his religious activity (churchgoing, religious witnessing to friends). One vaguely cynical psychiatrist admitted that the Soviet Constitution granted religious freedom; but witnessing to friends was forbidden, and the KGB didn't give a hang for the Constitution; he'd better leave off "religious propaganda" and save his skin.

Examiners tried vainly to bait Shimanov into saying that he had visions or hallucinations, that he believed himself a saint, that he had eccentric religious notions. "My answers did not please the doctor," said Shimanov. "I could see that from her face. 'How can we catch this schizophrenic?' " At the examination, Haslayeva, the hospital's deputy medical director, remarked to Shimanov:

If you had grown up in a religious family or had lived somewhere in the West, well, then we could have looked at your religiousness in another way....But you were educated in a Soviet school, and were brought up in a family of non-believers....You are an educated person, I am ready even to admit that you know more about philosophy and religion than I do....And suddenly...wham!...you're religious!...It's very odd indeed...and makes one wonder if some abnormal processes were not already developing in your youth, which later on brought you to religion....

Your symptoms are a one-sided fascination with religion. You have cut yourself off from life. After all, how do healthy believers behave? An old dear crosses herself, goes out and carries on with her own affairs, having forgotten about God already....But it is quite different with you. That is what worries us. (2)

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Shimanov was threatened with psychiatric treatment, and the painful effects of the prescribed drugs were described to him. He balked, began a hunger strike, and shortly secured his release.

Vladimir Bukovsky, born in 1942 to privileged Party members, commenced his dissident career as a schoolboy in 1960 with the publication of a satirical magazine. He continued association with dissident political and artistic activities until arrested in May of 1963 and confined in the Serbsky Institute. In December he was transferred to a psychiatric prison in Leningrad, from which he was released after 15 months. Bukovsky was arrested again in December of 1965 for a relapse of "psychotic delusions" in which he planned a demonstration for Sinyavsky and Daniel; two obtuse pyschiatric hospitals failed to commit him; the doctors at Serbsky at last penetrated his madness, but Western protest provoked release after a few months treatment. Early in 1967 he was sentenced to three years in a regular labor camp. After release in 1970, he was arrested once more in March of 1971 for collecting material on psychiatric prisons and transmitting it to the West; he was sentenced to two years of prison, five of camp, five of exile. In December 1976 Soviet authorities released Bukovsky to the West in exchange for the imprisoned Chilean Communist Luis Corvalàn.

Last October about forty people crowded into the small apartment of dissident songwriter Pyotr Starchik to sing his songs and listen to his voice on tape. Starchik could not be present because he was languishing in a psychiatric prison, his mind numbed by drugs. He was first imprisoned in a mental institution for three years after passing out political leaflets in 1972. Following his release, he was warned that continued songwriting would betray a relapse of madness.

Starchik had been seized again exactly one month prior to the gathering at his apartment. His wife, his two small children, and Grigorenko are present. A young man with a guitar sings the words of hope written by the bard in prison: "Spring will triumph, the pressure builds—the seed of love will push aside the icy ground and grow."

Stalin reportedly commenced the practice of psychiatric repression of political dissidents, but no one has survived who is talking very much about it. The current vogue of locking political trouble-makers in insane asylums began in the late sixties, was sanctioned at an important conference on schizophrenia in 1967, and flourished with the arrest of protestors against the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. The contemporary wave of psychiatric repression has generated a plethora of hard evidence in the form of *samizdat* documents and the testimony of several inmates expelled from the country.

The foremost theoretician and architect of Soviet psychiatric repression is the sinister Dr. Daniil Lunts of the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow. Lunts was known as a Stalinist informer in medical school. He is both a trained psychiatrist and a colonel in the KGB. His brooding presence follows the reader of the *samizdat* through the psychiatric examinations of several of the most noted victims of psychiatric incarceration—Natalia Gorbanevskaya and Ivan Yakhimovich as well as Grigorenko and Plyushch.

With cold and cynical logic, Lunts deduces his inclusive definition of insanity from official Soviet ideology. The Soviet state is the incarnation of progress in history; but crime results from dysfunctional and pathological social and economic arrangements; so Lunts maintains that no social basis for crime exists in the Soviet Union. Ergo dissidents are mad. Lunts asserts in his monograph "The Theory and Practice of Forensic Psychiatric Examination" that all violation of the law demands psychiatric analysis.

Restated: anyone who does not acquiesce in the myth of Soviet bliss and perfection suffers a psychotic separation from Soviet reality; he suffers from a schizophrenic dissolution of his Soviet personality. One readily understands now why Marxists and theists crowd the insane asylums. Paragons of Marxist virtue like General Grigorenko have the least socials background for aberration; religious believers affirm the most profound renunciation of Soviet reality.

There are two routes to the psychiatric hospital for sane dissidents. The KGB may decide that the arrest of a dissident on criminal charges is inexpedient for some reason (for instance, insufficient criminal evidence); they direct a psychiatrist in an administrative position to detain the dissident for examination; the dissident may be committed to a mental hospital at the discretion of the psychiatrist. Or a dissident who has been arrested on criminal charges may be incarcerated in a hospital for an indefinite period of observation; eventually, he is examined by a commission of at least three psychiatrists who may declare him non-accountable for his actions and commit him to a regular mental hospital or a special psychiatric prison. In the latter process the prisoner has no procedural protection. He may never meet his lawyer, he may be sentenced in absentia, and he may never learn directly the results of the examination (how can he participate in his defense when he's crazy?).

According to a remarkable underground manual prepared for psychiatric prisoners by Bukovsky and dissident psychiatrist Semyon Gluzman, two diagnoses will nearly always be rendered for dissidents: latent or paranoid schizophrenia. Soviet psychiatrists apply the term "latent schizophrenia" to patients with few and mild symptoms of mental illness (e.g., melancholy, introversion, rigid persistence in opinion); the term "asymptomatic schizophrenia" has in fact been employed. (3) "Latent schizophrenics" may never have broken the law, but they allegedly possess criminal potential.

The diagnosis "paranoid schizophrenia" is reserved for patients who suffer from gross delusions or hallucinations—for example, patients who believe they are made out of glass, patients who believe the Soviet government is repressive and imperialistic. The delusions attributed to dissidents may take two forms, according to Bukovsky and Gluzman: reformist delusions, by which the subject believes that something is wrong with Soviet reality which should be corrected in conformity with the subject's notions; or litigious delusions, by which the subject believes his rights have been violated and complains to the authorities.

A Soviet psychiatrist who defected to the West reported that Lunts once told a group of his colleagues at the Serbsky Institute: "If I want to call an ashtray a schizophrenic, I'll call it a schizophrenic." (4) That the cynical boast is far from hyperbole may be gathered from the following symptoms of "illness" excerpted from psychiatric examinations of dissidents: "a persistent mania for truth-seeking," "wears a beard," "meticulousness of thought and insufficient insight with regard to the existing situation," "considers the entry of Soviet troops into Czechoslovakia an act of aggression," "pathologic development of personality combined with zeal for reform and initial symptoms of arteriosclerosis of the vessels of the brain," "spoke much and heatedly, trying to prove his point of view and trying to impose it on his interlocutor," "has an exaggerated opinion of himself," and "is pretentious and inclined toward scriptomania." (5) Engineer Pyotr Alexeyevich Lysak was arrested in 1956 for asking a Communist lecturer, "Why is it that in such an allegedly free country as the USSR, foreign radio broadcasts are being jammed?" Lysak was treated with drugs for eight years in a Leningrad psychiatric prison, then disappeared to the Sychiovka psychiatric colony.

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Dissidents may be consigned to a common mental hospital, a special psychiatric prison, or a special psychiatric colony. Treatment at a common mental hospital is somewhat milder because the regime is less rigorous, the stay is seldom more than three months, and events are shrouded with less secrecy; but inmates in both special and common hospitals are tortured by a gruesome combination of chemicals, beatings, and electroshock. The most terrible and notorious among the special hospitals are Chernyakhovsk, where Grigorenko was treated; Dnepropetrovsk, where Plyushch was treated; Sychevka, where Yuri Belov to my knowledge remains, whence no living survivor has filed a report.

Beatings are common in the psychiatric prisons because ordinary criminals are employed as orderlies and male nurses. Orderlies may beat inmates to keep them quiet and docile, to extort prison rations or food sent by relatives, to satisfy sadistic urges. The inmates frequently harass each other: dissidents are punished and intimidated by assigning them to wards with the most violent and bothersome psychotics.

The psychiatric prisons apply two sorts of external "treatment" to the prisoners: electroshock and wet sheets. The wet sheets are particularly popular as punishment for rebellious, contumacious, and disobedient inmates. Incorrigibles are bound tightly with wet sheets, and the sheets are allowed to dry, crushing the patients with enormous pressure. "It is not a pretty sight," Bukovsky grimly notes.

Perhaps the most horrible among the instruments of the psychiatric Torquemadas is the assortment of agonizing, mind-crippling chemicals injected into sane psychiatric prisoners as treatment or punishment—most horrible, because the mind and personality are threatened with destruction. Sulfozin is a favorite for punishment and intimidation; consisting of 1% sulphur in peach oil, it causes extreme fever, inflammation of the joints, severe pain, and some brain damage. Aminazine and haloperidol recur in dissident accounts as the most common components of regular treatment; of course, the dosage and frequency of injections may vary in accordance with the patient's docility and alacrity in abjuring his insane opinions. Aminazine is a toxic derivative of a drug used in the West called largactile; as such it produces exaggerated muscle tremors, violent convulsions, and elevated body temperatures. Patients on aminazine may be stripped and placed in a small wire cage to thrash around until death or exhaustion. Haloperidol causes apathy, chills, a general decline in health, loss of appetite, and inability to read or write.

Other specifics for reformist and litigious delusions include triftazin, metrazol, insulin, and reserpine. Triftazin is a toxic derivative of the Western drug stelazine; metrazol, a drug abandoned by the West, induces seizures. Insulin is used for dangerous "shock treatment." Reserpine has the frightful effect of destroying the cells which support the brain cells, so that portions of the brain collapse; post mortem examinations on reserpine victims reveal damage similar to cerebral atrophy. Reserpine treatment has been termed "chemical lobotomy."

Patients are released at the pleasure of the psychiatric authorities and the KGB, although official reexaminations are supposed to be conducted every six months. The manual by Bukovsky and Gluzman advises psychiatric detainees how to avoid incarceration and how to encourage the earliest release when confined in a psychiatric prison. Do not, they say, betray friends and relatives; otherwise, discard all considerations of pride or moral integrity for the sake of survival. Tell the psychiatrist you had a normal childhood; embrace normal Soviet opinions and attitudes on every subject; disclaim interest in philosophy or other abstruse concerns; renounce or recant any dissident sentiments. Do not deny recorded participation in demonstrations and the like—that would be another symptom of illness; rather, claim you did it all for the attention and publicity. "Unfortunately," they write, "it is just such 'ugly' explanations that are accepted in a positive spirit when one is undergoing expert examination."

Psychiatric prisoners are never "cured" when they are discharged; their disease allegedly goes into "remission." This intimidates the dissidents and facilitates readmission. Of course, some do not have to worry about readmission—those killed by beatings or chemicals. Some released prisoners, like Olga Yofe, are neutralized by permanent brain damage.

The Soviets can be moved by international opprobrium. Because of international protest former psychiatric prisoners Bukovsky, Plyushch, Zhores Medvedev, Alexander Yesenin-Volpin, Natalia Gorbanevskaya, Viktor Feinberg, and Vladimir Balakhanov have been expelled from the country; Grigorenko, Vladimir Gershuni and Vladimir Borisov have been released from psychiatric prisons. But concrete estimates of the number of dissidents remaining in these torture chambers range from 1,000 to 8,000 and more. This figure includes, according to my latest information, Yuri Belov, Mykola Plakhotniuk, Zinoviy Krasivsky, Vladimir Trifonov, Georgi Paramanov, Pyotr Starchik, and Vyacheslav Igrunov.

Dr. Norman Hirt, Vancouver psychiatrist and leading North American activist against Soviet psychiatric oppression, has persisted since 1970 in applying pressure to Soviet psychiatry by successfully soliciting condemnation of Soviet psychiatric abuse from Canadian, American, and international psychiatric and medical associations. The prospect of censure by the World Psychiatric Association so frightened Soviet psychiatrists that they eased the regimen in some institutions and prepared to release or transfer some patients. Bukovsky's compilation of material on psychiatric prisons was circulated among delegates to the World Congress of Psychiatry in late 1971, but active Soviet psycho-butcher Dr. Andrei V. Snezhnevsky extorted silence from the Congress by threatening to withdraw his delegation. Soviet psychiatric inquisitors sighed relief and resumed the torment of dissidents. (6)

One psychiatric prisoner was told he wouldn't be released until the "Second Communism." Perhaps, if the KGB had its druthers, this circle of the Gulag Hell would be harrowed only with the coming of the Marxist eschaton. Then reality would accord with Soviet reality, or no one would dare mention the difference. □

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1. "Psychiatric Abuse of Political Prisoners in the Soviet Union—Testimony by Leonid Plyushch," House Subcommittee on International Organizations, 1976, pp. 4-5.
2. "Abuse of Psychiatry for Political Repression in the Soviet Union," Volume I, Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, 1972, pp. 213-4. Hereafter SSIS-1.
3. SSIS-1, p. 26 fn. See also "Abuse of Psychiatry for Political Repression in the Soviet Union—Testimony of Dr. Norman B. Hirt," Volume II, Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, 1975, pp. 20-1. Hereafter SSIS-2.
4. SSIS-2, p. 20.
5. SSIS-1, p. 26.
6. Viktor Feinberg, SSIS-2, p. 100.

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Fixed stars / Govern a life.
—Sylvia Plath in *Ariel*
CALIBAN: 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban,
Has a new master.—Get a new man.
Freedom, heyday!...
STEPHANO: O brave monster! Lead the way.
—Caliban's lib-movement
in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, II, 2.
I have set before you life and death,
blessing and cursing;
therefore choose life,
that both thou and thy seed may live.
—Deuteronomy

Dedicated to Sylvia Plath: fourteen years after her death. To ever more writers and students today, she symbolizes the third alternative to two mirror-image conformities: (1) a philistine culture and (2) its Dracula, its parasitic counterculture. Though the counterculture has long ago died in politics (a field where it was often a healthy corrective in the Nixon years), it has been reborn in a few lonely literary masterpieces of black humor like *Gravity's Rainbow*, 1973. But such masterpieces, at first beyond reproach as imaginative correctives for banal complacency, are now themselves being banalized—mass-packaged—in novels and films of fascist-style sadism. Veneered by the Mad Genius put-on (or else by misuse of perfectly valid lib-movements), that sadism is perhaps itself a veneer for the famous "polymorphous" infantile regressions. Meanwhile the third alternative to both conformities is still what Plath, conversing with the author at Mt. Holyoke two decades ago, saw as our culture's restraining Hebrew and Hellene heritages. The current betrayers of these heritages are here confronted in a poem drafted in white-heat fury at today's arty cruelty and unearned "creative madness": fury at today's neo-Wagnerian think-with-blood romanticism, its glamorizing of Manson-style "revolutionaries" (Squeaky Fromme's bullets being the least of it) and of soulful Nazi brutes (success of movies like "Night Porter"), not to mention mere emetics (the tortures of Warhol's "Dracula") and mere sleeping-pills (the highbrow surrealist commercialism of novels and paintings that turn into technique what in Kafka and Bosch was hard-earned authenticity). "Many recent movie successes," warns Marcel Ophuls, "are based on a tacit alliance between anti-humanist movie producers and fascist tendencies in the audience." Best analysis of the alliance is Bruno Bettelheim's ethical and aesthetic indictment of Lina Wertmüller's "Seven Beauties" in the *New Yorker* of August 2, 1976.

As for our poem's typography, capitalized syllables are a device for sounding more bluesy: plaintive, long-voweled, resonant. As for the prose preface and footnotes, call them a device for smuggling into poetry an odd hybrid: chant-plus-polemic. —P.V.

Peter Viereck of Mt. Holyoke, the Pulitzer prize winning poet, is working on a new poetry book, *Applewood*, of which excerpts appear in the fall 1976 *Sewanee Review*, as well as a new scholarly book on his Burkean humanist conservatism. Greenwood Press of Westport, Conn. has just published new editions of his *Unadjusted Man* and his *Terror & Decorum* while Putnam Capricorn paperbacks have brought out an updated edition of his *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*. In the new 15th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the essay defining "conservatism" is by him.

Peter Viereck

Id Lib:
The Voguish Mad Bad Black-Humor Blues

I.
Come running, you gurus of WITH-it views;
Fling open the sado-masocho zoos;
We're the sinking ship the rats swim TO:
Aesthetes in heat for jackboots[1]—wotta crew!
Sick-jokes in search of DOOOOMSday—wotta cruise!
Come BRUISE our aging youth-cult MUSE, pass round the Id-lib booooze;
Croon our THEME song—no, croak it: "ID BLUUUES."
Did reason fight rack and thumbSCREWS—to collapse in astrology's noooose?
Yes, counterPOL died in the '60s—our countercul-TWO packs the pews.
What's countercul-TWO? Began with The Who, but ennnds as a painnn-fun trip:
Shrill "Nashville" our fife-style, "Night Porter" our knife-style,
Stale Warhol our death-style, Ken Russell our lifestyle,
And "Tommy" our cuddly-cute whip.
What's "Jaws" but La Lovelace's jive-style, a Dracula Mermaid's wife-style,
"Deep Throat" in skinny-dip.
Blur the kinks with cosmic POSes, wear neurosis as new roses,
Trash ten traffic-lights of Moses: "anything goes" is
Hip.
Don't stop, tickle harder, oh esss...ca...late the kick;
Ah goo-i-er torture, bl-BLU-er flick.
Capital punishment—boo, that's taboo; that's Unprogressive, but genocide—oo,
Is chic.
So watch "Seven Beauties"—in bed—milk down Auschwitz
For laughs, like a tumor
On somebody else; Lina's Red silk-Brown-blouse is
Blue's blackest humor

. . .

As for PhilocTEtes PAINNN-bow, twang the arc of Pynchon's *Rainbow*
With darts his double Cupids, Dung and Death, unLOOOOSE.
Dung and Death, Death and Dung—hear their rubble-rousing song:
"Our gruesome-twosome double-doom, ballooning like a bubblegum,
Reduces domes to rubbledom. From troublesome to global slum,
We'll whoop it up for tomb, not womb—with our necro-phil-i-aaah BLUUUES."
And when Nuremberg's stink of blood and Woodstock's think-with-blood
Croak the same noble-savage SAWNNNG,
Then our secret's out: new-left was old-right all aLAWNNNG.
(O TROjan dove of our peace march, O PLAStic organic food.)
We're not third-world's lovers but SELF-hate's harlots
When we let Al Fatah's "socialist" starlets
Blow up Belsen's waifs as "imperialist varlets"
(Stop!—On *merde* even gagmen GAG).
When the Brown rag we beat in '45 bobs back as oh-wow DRA-A-AG,
Yes, when "pure aesthete" RiefenSTAHLS pop up in movie halls,

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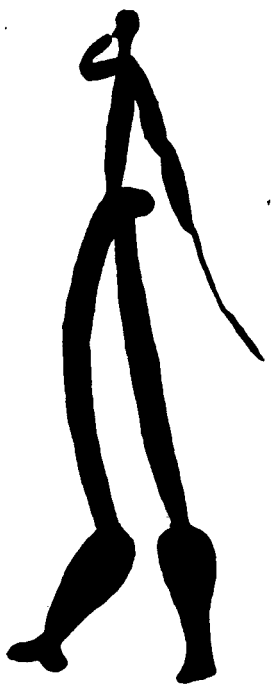
Hoarse coffins croak MONNNster-lib blues.
All monsters are aesthetes at HEART, only bores (ugh) "politicize" aaart;
If TransylVANia's glamor-ghoul vammmp is our TRAUMa-school MANia's champ,
Let all Eichmanns decamp as high-CAMMMP.
Who crowned the Brown piranhas with "thousand year" hosannas?
That *artiste manqué* with the forelock, WHOSE dream made him a warlock?
All werewolves bleat our Cali-banality-of-EEEvil blues.
When shockrock-fascist FIXtures are stock MIXtures of shlock shlicksters,
It clicks each time rad-CHICsters crownnn Charles MANNNson[2]
Son of Man.

II.
When even YOkels gotta streak through Squaresville in the BUFF
And it's the FRESHmen blow their mind with psychedelic SNUFF,
When baddy-bad sounds more hoHUM than goody-goody guff
And "I'm a flawed GENius" wins more garDENias than Archie Bunker stuff,
Then the cul we countered—it WOOOOS our countercul blues.
It woos SURreal as SCI-fi, 12-tone as HI-fi, Miro as wallpaper kitsch.
Yes, when Status Quo feels safe enough to HITCH
To skits that let it laugh at its own TWITCH,
What's big bad bold bo-he-mi-ah but BABbitt's blue-jeaned ITCH?
(We're his *cul-de*-countercul gold-pile-obsessive infant-regressive NICHE.)
When our SNOB-cult muses are his MOB-cult floozies, he'll SWITCH
Fom anti-intelLECT-u-al witch-hunts that wrecked you all
To ProFESSSSor Deathvitch's witch.
Heads...will...rrroll (ask Weimar which) INNNN the ditch
When...rrrednecks...buy (ask Altamont[3] why) our lumpen-elitist PITCH:
Our HIGHbrow-barbarian stroke-that-liBRARian age-of-Aquarian blues.
Then the cul we countered says, "SOCK us with countercul rrrock."
Ever jumbling our jargon a jump beHIND, you cats dig ever more SHOCK:
"Slit pig-gut's a GROOOvy hap-ning;[4] we're like INto its GROANNNing blues."
At once the music giggles...shifts...swells SLOW, swells autumn tones.
A miracle: GUT-string's violin—it tweaks you with X-rated moans.
Too late you reel from vibes you feel in violated BONES.
Now PLAGUE and ART, till life do them part, play a Wagner *Liebestod*
(Pied Pipers of POP danse-macabre: pink hearse by black doves towed).
Now hand in paw they bid you gnaw black-humor's ultimate TOAD.
You dream you gulp not Black Death's dream but roMANCE'S potion of youth
(Nes-Kafka and instant Hieronymus Bosch: O FACILE "nightmare truth";
O corpse-stink of rouged-up "Life" dolls, O synthetic Spontaneous ooooze.)
When your limbs tonight turn leper-white and fall as if fire SNOWED,
WHOSE gut now hones (you still dig groans?) a fiddle's death-dance blues?



III.
De-classing all classics as square,
We loot them when out of range,
We *poètes maudits* of Washington Square
Who pretend we disCOVered "derange".
Forget that Strindberg beFORE
Was "afraid of" Virginia Den-ta-ta
And that *Kreutzer So-na-ta* "feared FLYing"
Long before our best-selling Queen KONG.
Forget that the CRY-ing that "howls" in Hippy-King's song
Was Zion's "lacrimae RERum" and Bunyan's pilgrim years;
Though red ink is our favorite SERum and onions we can arrange,
Forget real blood, real tears.
Leave THEM to half the race who face what WE can't face.
Forget that our brandnew porn,
Eve's OW and her multiple-OH,
Was said better in grand old corn;
Pretend we disCOVered womb's woe;

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Leave Alcotts to small-tots—suppress it, Eve's MESsage to Jo:
"Let it all hang out, *Little Women*, you were ALWAYS *The Story of O.*"
(That girl-voice—whose?—makes unCOMfy our tragic-strut blues.)
Not out but upside-down OUR formulas hang:
The day "outrageous" topped "lovely" in book-jacket raves,
We won—and did anything CHANGE?
It's the same HAPpily-ever-after lacquer
When now Polly-Pollyanna wants a DOOMSday cracker;
A rosy ending is rosy, whether *Reader's Digest* or BANG.
Whether Polly-morph wants a perverser OR folksier cracker,
The same Norm "Jesus" (Brown OR Peale) still "Saves".[5]
Norm is ab, and foul is fair,
Hover through the smog and filthy air,
Freedom heyday, brave monster lead the way,
Ad-lib us *ad-libid.* our IDDD-lib: Ca-libido, be THOUUU our blues.
When Jack Armstrong's a parRIAH and Jack the Ripper a mesSIAH,
We'll thumb an ism-drooling nose at FORM,
Three thousand years of the fixed stars of norm,
And kill Sinai and Parnassus with one stone of Ca-li-BAN,
With our Ca-lib-eration BLU-UES....
Then comes our fit again, the Eve-voice that SHATters our blues:—
"Art dotes on clown but pukes at char-la-tan.
I KNOW you, I KNOW you, right down to the mush at your bone.
It's not your swinger pilgrimages, it's not your social-blah mirages:[6]
These are mere printer's ink—it's your oiled-robot stink
EARNED-art can't bear.
When glad-HANders handle sadness and a Milquetoast toasts de Sade-ness,
What's theater-of-the-cruel and *humeur-noire*
But Pollyanna's vibrator?—'tis pity she's a BORE.
Style still is long and lifestyle short—beWARE:
Blake's—Hart Crane's—PRE-cult Sylvia's tragic magic
Had (you vile modish POSturers of madness)
A harder core."

...Quick, drown out that voice with the FADness
Of our DEATH-culture robot-lib moral-lobotomy BLUUUUUUES.

1. "War is so beautiful, a symphony of perfume and corpse decay...the new architecture of smoke-spirals from burning villages." —Aesthetic manifesto of Marinetti's Futurism, hailing Mussolini's bombs against Ethiopian villages (and against 3,000 years of Hebrew-Hellenic-Christian restraints on Id). As for the new American relevance of what-killed-Weimar and of Hitler and Goebbels as *artistes manqués*, cf. the chapter "Greenwich Village Warriors: Nazis as an Armed Bohemia" in P. Viereck, *Meta-politics: Roots of the Nazi Mind*, as cited (apropos sadism in the arts) by Marcia Cavell's 1974 *New Leader* review of the "Night Porter" movie.

2. cf. the SDS speech of that great new-left "anti-fascist," that Op-Ed-page moralizer, Bernadine Dohrn, about Manson (who loved to preen himself in Nazi uniforms): "Offing those rich pigs with their own forks and knives, and then eating a meal in the same room, far out! The Weathermen dig Charles Manson" (Quoted in V. Bugliosi, *Helter Skelter*, Norton, 1974). That sentiment is the leftist-and-American equivalent of the fascist-and-European beauty-cult of bombs (Marinetti, above). Both are Id-lib: not politics at all but the neo-Wagnerian meta-politics of failed aesthetes.

3. Eager to revive Woodstock's "lifestyle" success (the manipulated "spontaneity" of mass romanticism), a similar youth rally of rock music and other drugs was organized for the Rolling Stones at Altamont, California. It ended in murder under the klieg lights.

4. cf. note 2 on the grooviness of digging Manson.

5. cf. the 1967 plea "From politics to meta-politics" by Norman O. Brown, a head-on collision with the *Meta-politics* book and viewpoint of note 1. Fortunately Brown is a lot more than the Norman Vincent Peale of the counter-culture; he is also a profound, misused Dionysian.

6. This "you" reference is to that arty Babbitt of the left who was named "Gaylord Babbitt" in P. Viereck, *Shame & Glory of the Intellectuals: Babbitt Junior vs. the Rediscovery of Values*, revised Putnam Capricorn paperback edition, N.Y., 1965, pp. xiii-xxi, 16-35, 69-73. □

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Alan Reynolds

Depressing Stimulants

A pessimistic look at Carter's economic policy.

The Carter Administration is proposing to stimulate the economy with a tax rebate and an enormous budget deficit. But not everything that is labeled a "stimulus" will, in fact, perform as advertised.

The first problem is that federal deficits are not a source of free money. If the Treasury borrows from me and gives the proceeds to you, there is no net change in purchasing power, and your taxes will have to be higher in the future to pay interest to me. In attempting to peddle more securities, the Treasury has to make them attractive by boosting interest rates. Aspiring private borrowers have to top the offer, or drop out of the competition for a limited supply of lendable funds.

We're told that Treasury and off-budget borrowing of something like $175 billion over the next two years will present no problem, because a sluggish economy will keep private credit demands down. But we're also told that the same Treasury borrowing will end the sluggish economy, which necessarily means vigorous private borrowing for investment, inventories, housing, and consumer durables.

Well, if there isn't enough money to go around, the Fed can always print more. In fact, all of the veiled talk about "coordinating" fiscal and monetary policies just means that the added deficit is a roundabout way of pressuring the Fed into pumping out more money. The 11% increase in M2 over the past year is already enough to fuel an increase of 12-13% in nominal GNP in the coming year or two. Once any spare capacity is used up—probably within a year—the low quantity and quality of capital will keep real growth below 4%, leaving an 8-10% trend of inflation.

If the Fed increases the money supply even faster, in a futile attempt to ease the coming congestion in money markets, that will be correctly perceived as even more inflationary. The dollar will slide on foreign exchange markets, and borrowers will rush to borrow for commodity speculation and inventory accumulation—adding a higher inflation premium to interest rates, both long and short.

Yet we are continually reassured that low capacity utilization *now* will protect us from the inflationary consequences of these policies—policies that will not fully take effect until 1979 or 1980. The argument gives no guidance as to the appropriate dose of "stimulus." It would appear that the deficit and rate of money growth could safely approach infinity so long as there is high unemployment somewhere in the country. Sending more money to retired civil servants in Miami is somehow supposed to put to work the idle defense workers in San Diego, without adding to inflationary pressures in New Hampshire (where unemployment is 3%).

The Federal Reserve's index of capacity utilization in manufacturing stood at 81% in the fourth quarter—the same level as in the first quarter of 1972. Does it follow that the fiscal and monetary stimulus of 1972—which was much smaller than now—did not threaten inflation in 1973? I didn't think so at the time, and I still don't.

Besides, a lot of physical capacity has become uneconomic because of energy costs and environmental and safety regulations. Jumbo jets, for example. It would not pay to bring such capacity onstream without price increases that would surely be squelched by the price controllers. The result is that capacity in some areas and industries may be strained long before the aggregate measure reaches previous peaks—which have been around 87%, not that far from today's 81%.

So, forcing the economy to digest another $31 billion of Treasury debt in the third and fourth years of a recovery entails very real risks and costs. What are we offered in exchange for these risks and costs? A $50 installment on the McGovern $1,000 plan, another sneaky move toward the Britainization of the tax system, and some rancid lard from the empty pork barrel.

The hope of the rebates is that low-income people, armed with the windfall of an extra fifty bucks, will rush right out and buy new houses and cars—this is the "trickle up" theory. The related one-month surge in retail sales is then supposed to trick businessmen into embarking on long-term expansion of capacity. It won't work.

The bone thrown to business is too little too late. An investment tax credit provides no incentive to put existing manpower or machinery to work, it is of little value to either short- or long-term business investment, and the depressed area of nonresidential construction is not helped at all. The payroll tax credit is too tiny to affect employment decisions, and is washed out by this year's doubling of payroll taxes for unemployment insurance. And the only so-called permanent tax cut, raising the standard deduction, provides no help to those with incomes above $17,500 and is not permanent at all—it will soon be wiped out by inflation.

Congressional alternatives are even worse. Providing a tax credit for adding workers would just give employers a powerful incentive to lay off more workers in the downturns.

I certainly don't want to give the impression that I am against tax cuts. But the nature of the Carter tax cuts is all wrong. Because tax rebates are based on past earnings, for example, they provide no incentive to do something productive in order to increase present and future earnings. What we need are believably permanent reductions in tax rates, on both individuals and business, carefully targeted to increase the incentive for workers to work, for investors to invest, and for employers to employ.

The supply response would be greatest from cutting taxes where they are highest—namely, high-income families and income from investments.

The richest 5% of all families—those earning over $32,000 in 1974—had an average of 2½ family members working. They are being severely punished for their efforts. We tax work and subsidize nonwork and are surprised when unions bargain for leisure rather than wages, and when senior union members insist on the privilege of being first to be laid off. One consequence is that early retirement is getting ridiculous. Less than 5% of black males aged 45-54 were neither working nor seeking work in 1950; in 1975, the figure was 14.4%.

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Inflation has pushed more and more people into higher and higher tax brackets, and has resulted in onerous taxation of purely illusory profits—capital gains and interest earnings. In the early 1960s only about 3% of all tax returns were subject to marginal tax rates over 30%; by 1974, nearly a third of all tax returns were in those brackets. In 1966, two Brookings economists estimate, the average overall tax rate on income from capital was almost twice as high as the tax on income from labor.

The tax reforms of 1969 and 1976, combined with taxation of inflated income, have raised this punitive taxation on capital even further—thus stifling the main source of growth. We tax the stuffing out of income from investments and are surprised when nobody wants to save and invest.

Like the tax cuts of 1971 and 1975, the Carter tax cut will be heavily tilted toward those with low incomes. If these increases in the progressivity of the tax rates were done explicitly and honestly, Middle America would throw the rascals out. After the last two tax reductions, the average federal tax rate on a family of four earning $10,000 to $15,000 rose from 6.5 to 10.3%. With tax cuts like these, who needs increases?

Everyone is saying that higher natural gas bills will reduce purchasing power and increase inflation—a magnificent contradiction. Money spent on domestic gas and oil is not lost to the economy. You might just as well say that because people spent more on batteries and snow tires, the economy is faced with deflationary pressures. The idea of adjusting fiscal policy to the weather is fine tuning carried to a ridiculous extreme. Stimulating demand when supply is restricted is a way to get people to rush out and buy what isn't there; a clearly inflationary idea.

Moreover, an increase in the price of, say, citrus fruits and vegetables—which is only about 3% of the consumer price index—is not inflationary. If people pay more for one thing, they have less to spend on others, and there is no lasting inflationary effect.

Actually, the short-term outlook is quite good. It takes time, and a lot of hard work, to demolish the U.S. economy. But the new Administration has made a good start at it. □

Tom Bethell

Capitol Ideas

"My husband quotes Darwin to me all the time," said Happy. "Yeah, yeah," the Vice President perked up. "To survive you gotta adapt."

For months I found it hard to understand why Washington is so grey to the mind's eye. The weather tends to be sunny, the atmosphere clear, the surrounding countryside beautiful. I called an old Washingtonian who now lives in Hollywood and is involved in the movie business. "There are so may pastel shades here," she said. Of course. One thinks of Hollywood in color—technicolor. "Why is Washington so grey?" I asked her. She thought for a minute and said: "It's the newsprint." A beautiful perception, I think. The newspapers here are the "trades." More or less everyone in Washington has a professional obligation to read them. It is a depressing exercise. What a gloomy compilation the *Washington Post* is: an assemblage of memoranda to Congressmen and supermarket ads.

Russell Baker noted recently that to a Rip Van Winkle awakening after a 20-year sleep, "perhaps the most shocking change....would be the universal display of undressed girls on magazine covers at the newsstand where he buys his morning paper." When he finally got around to reading his paper, our Van Winkle would soon enough encounter the tremendous propaganda campaign currently underway to depict women as an abused "minority." This would have seemed absurd to him in 1957.

Somehow, these two features of the contemporary landscape are never linked up, as they should be: prominently displayed pornography, depicting women as sex objects; and the complaint by women that they are treated as sex objects.

Technology links them. Birth control pills make "sex objects" out of women. And abortion: a million unborn children murdered every year in this country. Undoubtedly the reduction of women to sex objects—the disconnection between sex and childbirth and the onanistic gazing at objects of sexual fantasy—is the most serious evil dislocating our society today. But this is unlikely to be perceived as anything other than an eccentric view, at least for some time. Women hail the Pill as "liberating." And liberals champion pornographers as free spirits exploring the boundaries of self-expression.

The prosecutions of Larry Flynt of *Hustler* and Harry Reems of "Deep Throat" have brought the Washington liberals out to the predictable fund-raisers. A sigh of happiness is heard in the city. At last! Persecution once again! Police State Repression and all that. "I have to tell you that there is something refreshing about the Reems case," wrote *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen. "It is such a blatant example of governmental excess that when you couple it with the return of capital punishment, it gives liberals like me something to live for."

Now we have a full-page ad in the *Post* and the *New York Times* "sponsored by Americans for a Free Press" proclaiming Larry Flynt to be AMERICAN DISSIDENT (like Solzhenitsyn). It is signed by predictable spirits of the age, among them Ramsey Clark, Pete Hamill, Daniel Ellsberg, Hugh Hefner, John Leonard, Gore Vidal.

Surely Malcolm Muggeridge was right. The behavior of our contemporary "liberal" can be explained only in terms of a death wish: Dismantle the Pentagon, the funds to be diverted to education—no doubt innovative. Take Soviet expressions of goodwill at face value. Kill off unwanted, unborn infants who have done no harm to anyone, but keep alive convicted murderers. There you have the liberal agenda for the 1970s.

Back in the days of Batista, the winter months were the season for travel to Havana. They still are today. Only the sponsor has changed, from Batista to Fidel. It is now very "in" in Washington to fly to Cuba for a week, preferably in the party of a senator or

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two, lounge on the beach, drink rum, go ga-ga over Fidel the Liberator, and return with a suntan and a box of *Partagas Habanas*. The latest to make the trip have been Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post*. Most of these specially admitted tourists urge a normalization of relations with Cuba on their return. But this will surely result in tourism being opened up to all, thus making it less exclusive, less "in." On the other hand the advantage is that if such relations are restored, the U.S. will end up helping to finance Castro's brand of totalitarianism, lending a thin veneer of viability to Marxism. This, of course, is the goal of Washington's fellow travelers.

In the final days of the Ford Administration I went to the Sans Souci, having heard that this was an authentic Washington experience. It is a kind of theater-in-the-round where one may see and be seen by the famous people of the moment. Simultaneously one eats lunch. By remarkable good fortune my companion and I were seated right next to Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, who was lunching with his wife, Happy, and a local hostess named Joan Braden, who gets her name in the papers from time to time. Rockefeller had four days to go as Vice President.

Joan Braden and Happy Rockefeller were exhorting Rockefeller "not to be afraid to speak out—really tell the people what's on your mind," implying that as former Vice President he would have the necessary platform and people would listen. I watched Rockefeller when they thus encouraged him. He was leaning back in his chair, occasionally forking spinach into his mouth, with the back of his left hand held under his chin to prevent spillage. "Yeah, yeah," he said, not really interested. He looked for all the world like an elderly businessman lunching at the New York Racquet Club—resembled, in fact, pictures one had seen of his remarkable grandfather. It was not that he was *afraid* to speak out, it was simply that he knew it was...hopeless. To be a Rockefeller in the last quarter of the 20th century! A symbol of the capitalist era after the arrival of the New Class. Like a lone surviving dinosaur after the beginning of the Age of Mammals.

Lunch dragged on. By three p.m. we were still there. So was the Rockefeller party. No great pressing business for him, apparently. Then Happy Rockefeller turned to speak to my friend and me. Who were we? What did we do? Democracy in action. She spoke of the young—her children. A son might turn out to be an athlete. A Rockefeller of the Track. And why not? The board room clearly was passé. Then Happy said to us: "My husband quotes Darwin to me all the time." She turned to Nelson, drowsing peacefully after his meal. "What is that about Darwin you tell me?" she asked.

The Vice President perked up. "To survive you gotta adapt," he said. He somehow managed to imply at the same time that it was no good expecting *him* to adapt. One sympathized with the old fellow. He slipped a gilt-edged wallet out of his breast pocket and paid the check, after a small struggle. Joan Braden—creature of our egalitarian age—made a manful play for it.

Meanwhile....at the other end of town....the new order was assembling for a two-day conference. Nader and His Pals. Whither Public Interest? I decided to attend. The burning question was: Would Jimmy Carter co-opt the Public Interest Movement? A "good guy" in the White House reduces the need for self-appointed good guys in Washington's Government-in-Exile (mostly centered on Dupont Circle).

The consensus at the International House, where Nader's minions met, was that Carter would do no such thing. For two days the hotel was a veritable hub of raised consciousness, people orientation, resource pooling, cross pollination, audience participation, interfacing, and discussions of the government process, the political process, the budget process, the selection process, and the lobbying process. The austere Nader was present throughout, speaking like a computer as only he can. "It is important to particularize the nature of the advocacy in two general areas," he remarked in a plenary address, "the first being the procedural fairness of the institutions that affect our lives, and access thereto...." Quite so.

After a while I became totally bemused by the whole thing and concluded that someone should undertake a rhetorical analysis of the Public Interest movement, so called. Groups forming the component parts of this "movement" proceed primarily by staking out righteousness, claiming that they own it exclusively. To a large extent this has been achieved through a clever terminological appropriation. Such words and phrases as *Justice*, *resources*, *action*, *public interest*, *consumer*, *democratic*, *friends of*, *access to*, *better*, *concerned*, *rights*, *advocacy*, *protective*, are used as though they are completely straightforward and uncontroversial concepts to which other people or organizations outside the Nader umbrella do not have a just claim.

Similarly, it is high time that Nader's anti-business rhetoric be analyzed in detail. Let me cite just one example, used several times to describe the business community at this meeting: *The enemy*.

It is not encouraging to learn that Ralph Nader now has Jimmy Carter's "telephone number," and presumably, ear. Shortly after he came to Washington Carter announced his desire to stay in touch with the "common, ordinary people." I hope he succeeds. My feeling about Carter is that he managed to capture the Presidency because he maintained, at least to some extent, the simple and uncomplicated point of view of a Georgia warehouseman. Which is fine. But he is, I fear, terribly open-minded about all matters (to the point of gullibility), and when the Washington folk get to him with such items as: Jimmy, you shouldn't build that dam because some minnows will be hurt by it; Jimmy will say, Lawdy, I would never have thought of *that* in Georgia! Stop that dam! So his instinct to stay in touch with his roots is right, but I'm afraid he is just too agog and eager and willing to learn to lap up the kind of rubbish that Washington's 12th-floor problem-solvers will feed him. If he can steer clear of that, he might be a good President.

Nevertheless, for the time being it must be said that Jimmy Carter has performed one signal service: he finally ended the Kennedy Dynasty. The other day I encountered a Very Prominent Washington Journalist, who was discussing the great resentment on the part of the remaining Kennedys (notably Ethel) toward the arriviste Carters. "The Kennedy people all voted for Ford, you know," the VIP Journalist said. How marvelous, if true, as I suspect it is! How hollow the ideals of Camelot, that they could be so easily laid aside for four more years, in the hope of a Restoration of the Monarchy in 1980. The Kennedys must have prayed for the defeat of Carter—the upstart from Georgia. As I am sure did many other Washingtonians. "Governors shouldn't be allowed to run," one member of the Washington Comintern told me last spring. "They don't know who's who or how the government runs." These elitists already felt that there was far too much "input" into D.C. from the states (read: sticks)—except in the form of tax dollars, of course. A president from "Giawgia" would be the last straw. Well, now he is here, and good luck to him. I only hope he steers clear of the minnow-folk.

P.S. At the Senate Armed Services Committee's hearing dealing with Paul Warnke's nomination to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, a petition was circulated among the journalists present. It was put together by Townsend Hoopes, and it was entitled "Warnke Warmly Supported by Broad Spectrum." A *Newsweek* correspondent next to me looked over the list of 37 signatories, and recalling similar recent petitions, often with the same names, remarked, "That makes three Charlie Yosts to five Reverend Hesburghs." Normally I find the well-known cynicism of reporters tedious, but on this occasion it was quite refreshing.

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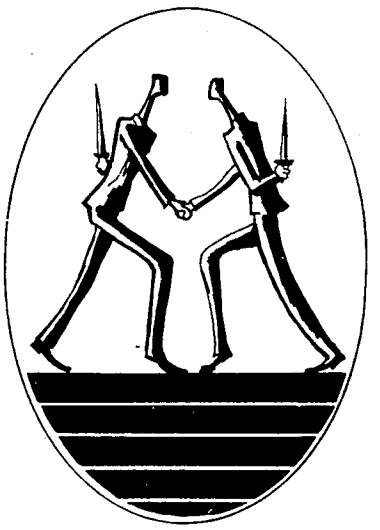
Fred D. Baldwin

A Question for Consenting Adults

Is talking to a CIA agent worse than having a homosexual affair with him?

In 1958 Stringfellow Barr wrote a satirical novel, *Purely Academic*, whose hero was an otherwise undistinguished history professor erroneously believed by his colleagues to be giving some kind of information to the Central Intelligence Agency. The question never arose whether his supposed activities were right or wrong, but his academic fortunes took an abrupt turn for the better because he was surmised to have prestigious contacts and perhaps even access to grant money.

Some things have changed in academia and some have not. On January 12, 1977, members of the political science faculty of Brooklyn College concluded that their colleague, Professor Michael Selzer, had violated standards of academic integrity by agreeing to talk to a member of the CIA upon his return from a trip to Israel. After a four-hour closed meeting, they concluded that Selzer's actions were grounds for dismissal although they recommended a milder punishment, such as temporary suspension.



The case prompts two observations. First, it is a measure of how grave are the wounds suffered by our intelligence agencies in recent years. Some of these wounds are arguably self-inflicted because of the agencies' insensitivity to American citizens' rights to privacy. Second, if one wants clear thinking on how to restore sensitivity to individual rights, the last place to go should be the political science departments at American universities.

The facts in this particular instance, as reported by the *New York Times* and the Associated Press, are as follows. According to Selzer, whose version of events was not publicly disputed prior to his department's decision, he contacted the CIA in hopes of securing information on his academic specialty, the psychology of political extremists. His request was denied, but several months later a CIA agent asked him for a meeting.

The meeting took place in a Manhattan bar. The agent asked Selzer to report any information he might come across while traveling abroad that he thought interesting. Selzer was not asked to try to find out anything in particular, nor was any money involved. Selzer also said that he later asked an unidentified Brooklyn College official about the propriety of cooperating with the CIA and was told that the institution had no policy one way or the other.

Dr. John W. Kneller, Brooklyn College president, later said that a decision to enter into "an open relationship" with an intelligence agency should be left to an individual but that he felt that "there is no place in the academic community for clandestine relationships of any kind."

Whether or not the president's statement was intended to be as sweeping as it sounded, it and the department's resolution censuring Selzer may be taken as representative of current academic opinion on clandestine relationships, at least with intelligence agencies. The Brooklyn College committee cited a 1976 resolution of the American Association of University Professors that contact with intelligence agencies "has risked undermining the credibility of published research and risked compromising the position of academics." The committee also cited a recent resolution by the American Political Science Association that urged noncooperation in intelligence activities "unless the sponsorship is fully disclosed" to colleagues, students, and the individuals affected.

It is easier to pronounce pieties than to draw up equitable guidelines on such matters. One of my professors in graduate school, a distinguished medieval historian, was generally believed to share with the CIA his extensive knowledge of the geography and institutions of France. No one supposed that his silence about whether or not these contacts indeed took place affected his lectures on the laws of vassalage. Things are no easier if the test is presumed to be the relationship of private activities to a scholar's own field. Is a professor of psychology obliged to report his sexual preferences (or his "clandestine relationships") or a professor of economics to disclose his personal investments?

Selzer's case involves only the right of an individual to talk to a representative of his own government, on his own time and with no money involved. It is hard to see how that is anything other than his own business. If his colleagues regard his conduct as reprehensible, they are perfectly entitled to criticize or shun him as individuals, but unless they can demonstrate that an ethical violation was committed, they have no basis for recommending that he be suspended for failing to inform them of his conversations.

What makes the Brooklyn College episode tragic instead of comic is that it suggests that providing information to one's own government, in a perfectly legal context, is perceived as unethical.

Anyone wishing to think seriously about the desirability and difficulty of getting accurate foreign intelligence would be well advised to read Anthony Cave's *Bodyguard of Lies* (Harper and Row, 1976), a history of British intelligence and deception activities before and during World War II. Although it is fascinating reading, it is less a cloak-and-dagger thriller than a serious study of intelligence policies.

That history makes clear that for a nation wishing to understand how foreign leaders, businessmen, and intellectuals think about things, there is no substitute for talking to them and to people who talk with them regularly. This particular kind of intelligence, which is as necessary for peace missions as for war, cannot be gleaned by spy satellites or monitoring radio broadcasts. Nor can it be collected through the open literature, for businessmen and civil servants normally write few articles, and in many

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countries academics and writers cannot publish their opinions freely.

That a government agency may be incompetent or misuse information given it, even if true, is hardly a serious argument. Those who think such generalizations apply to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare do not usually censure their colleagues for consulting with HEW, even for pay.

Finally, it might be maintained that members of certain institutions—e.g., universities and the press—should be so far above suspicion of "clandestine" associations that the circumstances under which they may have off-duty talks with intelligence agencies should be determined for them. Rules could be devised to treat professors and journalists in the same way that the law treats minors and the mentally retarded—i.e., as legally and morally incompetent to make certain decisions for themselves. Tempting as this line of reasoning may be, the AAUP would probably agree that it goes slightly too far.

Professor Selzer has said that he will fight any attempt to discipline him, and the university has said that he will have all the benefits of due process. (He was in Jerusalem when his departmental colleagues voted to censure him.)

So far he appears to have made a tactical mistake in sticking to the issues and appealing to reason. His best move would be to pretend to having had a homosexual affair with the CIA agent after that meeting in the Manhattan bar. He would almost certainly thus stand a better chance of being exonerated by his colleagues.

My suggestion is not pure fantasy. I asked two acquaintances, both political liberals with Ph.D.'s to suppose that Selzer had had an affair with the CIA agent. Both replied that if he had *only* had the affair, there would be no grounds for censure. Asked to assume that he had both had the affair *and* provided information, both individuals felt the existence of the affair would make the case "harder to decide."

That is probably true, not because the two points have the slightest logical connection, but because the existence of a "clandestine relationship" of a sexual kind would have forced Selzer's critics to make sharper distinctions about the rights of a group to protect its image and the right of an individual to keep certain matters private. The result would almost certainly have improved Selzer's chances to escape censure because college faculties are more tolerant of the exercise of freedom in sexual than in political matters.

The Platonic vision of an ideal state was one whose guardians would be men specially trained in the arts and theory of political science, a description which fits Selzer's critics. The classical comment on Plato's *Republic* was, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" "But who will guard against the guardians?" The question has become a cliché in discussing the CIA. But it applies as well to college faculties. □

Patrick Cosgrave

Mrs. Thatcher's Next Move

Margaret Thatcher thinks she can save Britain. Will she soon have her chance?

At least one thing in British politics is now clear: Mrs. Margaret Thatcher is completely in control of the Conservative party. It was not always possible to predict such a consummation with certainty. For most of the first year of her leadership, her authority seemed tenuous. From the left of the party the discontent and bitterness of Mr. Edward Heath confronted her. From the right—though he was formally outside the party—Mr. Enoch Powell denounced her with increased stridency, and even more vigorously than he had done her predecessor. And she herself often seemed to feel that she had been chosen less *for* herself than because the party wanted to get rid of Mr. Heath: the gravamen against him was not that he had done wrong, or betrayed his election pledges, or caused a gigantic inflation—all of which she asserted—but that he had lost three out of four elections fought as Leader.

But, within the party at least, things have become very much brighter. At the party's Brighton conference last year Mr. Heath finally bent the knee, albeit grudgingly. His subsequent criticisms of the new leadership have been scorned. Mr. Powell has become so extravagant in his criticisms that the accusations of disappointed self-seeking which have been made against him now carry conviction. And, in a series of speeches at home and abroad, Mrs. Thatcher has established her own individual and dominating personality. The hiccups have been few; the triumphs many.

Running—even completely dominating—a party in opposition is of course a very different matter from running a country, especially a country in such serious straits as Britain is at present. Moreover, Mrs. Thatcher's commitment to a radical policy—Friedmanite in economics, libertarian on other matters—has become more rather than less emphatic as time has gone by. There was quite a shock throughout still collectivist Britain when at the end of 1976 a new set of Shadow Cabinet appointments moved up the men of the right, and moved out the men of the left. But the views that Mrs. Thatcher had so freely and definitely expressed seemed to have sanction from a most remarkable by-election result in a predominantly Labour constituency—that of Workington. The number voting was as high as during general elections—something unprecedented in British by-elections. There was a huge switch of Labour voters to Tory—again something virtually unknown in Britain, where very small numbers of voters change from one party to another, and where discontent with sitting governments is normally expressed at by-elections by abstention. Certainly, Mrs. Thatcher was deeply convinced that Workington presaged the mandate she will ultimately receive from the country as a whole for her brand of Tory radicalism.

The question being asked, publicly and privately, within and without the Tory party, is whether, confronted with all the manifold problems of government, she could get away with it. Indeed—and this is Mr. Powell's point—would she want to get away with it? Would she not, like Mr. Heath, bend principle to convenience for the sake of holding onto office? To these tactical questions others are added. A great many people within and

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without the party believe that Mrs. Thatcher's radicalism is impossibly *simpliste*, that Britain is so far down the road to a humane collectivism that it is impossible, even undesirable, to turn back. Some of those who were ministers in, or supporters of, the Heath government during its last and fatal confrontation with the miners in February 1974 believe that any Conservative government not prepared to be as conciliatory as is Mr. Callaghan's will be destroyed by the trade unions: there are one or two such defeatists even within Mrs. Thatcher's new Shadow Cabinet. Finally, there are friends of Mrs. Thatcher—even devoted admirers—who are convinced that the force of the economic storm which brought the pound almost to $1.50 last year has not yet abated, that it would be better by far for Labour and the country to take a further battering which would make the people more susceptible to Mrs. Thatcher's radicalism, and that she ought not to want power yet.

Against all these arguments and fears Mrs. Thatcher has resolutely set her face. Nor is hers merely the understandable impatience which any politician out of office feels. For good or ill, her sense of mission rules her politics: she does believe she can save Britain from imminent financial ruin; she does believe that the men coming up in the Labour party are so left-inclined as to be totalitarian; she does believe that the spirit of diplomacy which reached a climax at Helsinki is profoundly dangerous to the West; she does believe that the Labour party's devolution proposals are profoundly dangerous to the United Kingdom; and she does believe that she can restore Britain to its traditional commitment to the ethic and the philosophy of individual freedom.

There are tactical considerations, too, for her impatience. The present situation of the Labour government is a peculiar one. Not long before Christmas it seemed to be on its knees: inflation had started to rise again; the price exacted by the unions for the continuance of so-called voluntary wage restraint was a continuing large budget deficit and the further enactment of expensive socialist legislation; international creditors seemed at last to be losing patience; and the psychological stuffing seemed to have been knocked out of the government's ministers.

Now the Labour government's prospects are looking a good deal brighter. The International Monetary Fund came through with a loan on much better terms than had been expected. The pound has strengthened. The unions look like agreeing to a further year of restraint, and whatever one's conviction about the irrelevance—perhaps even the harm—of incomes policies, they do enjoy popularity with the voter. The Callaghan plan now is to try to wait things out until 1978 when, it is believed, the revenues from North Sea oil will begin to reduce both external debts and the budget deficit. The price of all this, given the inability of the government substantially to reduce public spending, is an inflation rate almost certain to continue at 15 percent throughout the current year. The fear of Mrs. Thatcher and her advisers is not, therefore, that the government will get Britain out of the wood, but that they may be able, with suitable international support (greatly increased by the conviction of many foreigners that the Tories cannot handle the unions) to induce a mood of optimism sufficient to win a general election.

The consequence of this possibility is that, principle and ambition quite aside, Mrs. Thatcher feels that she has no choice but to press as hard as she can now against a still somewhat punchdrunk government with a tenuous majority in the House of Commons, in order to force an early resort to the polls. My own conviction is that she need not be too anxious. There has been what seems to me an irreversible decay in Labour support in the country, compounded of dreams frustrated and ideals betrayed. And I do not believe that the British electorate will return a government locked into inflation at 15 percent, whatever the behavior of those economic symbols which academics try to read.

So far as I can see, the situation of Britain will grow steadily worse, despite the euphoria created by the IMF and a new year. Inflation is the germ most corrosive of a body politic: ours makes us steadily less competitive abroad, and markets lost may never be regained. Britons are beginning to realize that unpredictable future costs make planning ahead impossible, further depressing industry. And the appeal of a fresh and historic start which Mrs. Thatcher is bound to make at the polls will be a great one.

Nor do I think her task will be quite as formidable as it may seem today. The huge public expenditure cuts which she will hope to make within weeks of taking office will certainly create some anguish, but there is a wide conviction that they are necessary. The refusal of trade unionists to follow their bosses in a proposed week-long boycott of South Africa recently is one of many indications that rising unemployment has weakened the hold of those bosses over their members. And in all sectors of the community, there is at least some support for Mrs. Thatcher's almost religious conviction that—within the overall scheme of a balanced budget—tax cuts, involving a great withdrawal of the state from public activities, will recreate prosperity.

There is no denying that the first two or three years will be tough, and that withdrawal symptoms could be ghastly. Two comparisons fascinate Mrs. Thatcher. The first is with the Heath government—which took office in 1970 with a program somewhat similar to her own. Mr. Heath—so his successor believes—cut far too little in his first budget in Octover 1970 and, by late 1971, was being advised on all sides that the two years that would be required for a draconian Friedmanite policy to work would leave insufficient elbow room in which to plan and win the next general election. The other comparison is with Mr. Fraser's Liberal government in Australia, where Mrs. Thatcher toured last fall. By and large Mr. Fraser's government has kept its commitment to a balanced budget, a greatly reduced role for the state in society, and taxation cuts. Its measures have caused short-term hardships, however, and given that an Australian parliamentary term lasts only three years, doubts are already being raised about the likelihood of Mr. Fraser's winning a second term. In Mr. Heath's case by bad planning, and in Mr. Fraser's because of the strait jacket of the Australian system, are sketched the serious dangers that time poses for a radical, democratic government of the right.

From both comparisons Mrs. Thatcher deduces that she will need every moment of her five-year term to balance the economy, and that only in a second term can she set about the reconstruction of British society and the redirection of British history. It follows that, like Machiavelli's Prince, she will give the people all the bad news within days of taking office, and dole out the good news only very slowly. It is unquestionably a risky policy, and many hearts go faint at its prospect. But she has come so far, and she has done so many things that a few years ago would have seemed impossible either for a woman or for a politician of the radical right; nothing is necessarily beyond her. She is, as one of her biographers wrote, "the encapsulation of many dreams." She believes she can save Britain; and so do I. □

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Robert H. Bork

A Taste of Their Own Medicine

Can universities escape the regulation they prescribe for all other institutions?

It is instructive that colleges and universities have recently become so concerned about the intrusion of the federal government into what they had thought were their private concerns. Growing numbers of scholars and academic administrators sense that the state has seriously overstepped the area of its legitimate concern in higher education, and that much worse is in prospect. I think both the diagnosis and the prognosis are quite correct.

What is not correct, and what I have heard in the pronouncements of university presidents, is the thought that the federal government makes a unique kind of error when it undertakes to regulate universities, or that universities are so different and more subtly complex than other institutions that regulation is bound to be uniquely destructive when applied to them. None of these things are true. What we are witnessing is a more general political phenomenon in which government regulation expands to control the decisional processes of all institutions in the private sector and the effects of overregulation are quite as pernicious for other private institutions and, indeed, for state and local government.

My dominant impression of the peril of our time, and of the time that stretches ten or twenty or thirty years ahead of us, is that expressed by Walter Bagehot: "The characteristic danger of great nations, like the Romans and the English, which have a long history of continuous creation, is that they may at last fail from not comprehending the great institutions which they have created."

We seem to be courting that danger. It is not merely that we have failed fully to comprehend the great private institutions of our society—universities, corporations, the free market, and the like—but that we have not understood with any degree of sophistication the limits of government and the inherent and inescapable nature of bureaucratic regulation. The dominant strains of opinion at the moment appear to be egalitarian and legalistic, joined, rather ominously, to a simplistic view of the society and its possibilities for improvement. The claims and expectations of government with respect to all institutions, of which universities are merely a subset, grow out of this moralism and the belief that law can effectively guarantee fairness in every relationship.

These trends in ideas about society and government tend to produce what Robert Nisbet calls the twilight of authority, which is a decline in the authority and autonomy of institutions. It is customary, almost obligatory in Washington, to lay the decline of governmental institutions to Watergate or Vietnam, but it clearly began before either of those events had any substantial impact upon public opinion, and those occurrences would account for the unpopularity of only a few major institutions. But the phenomenon is far more widespread. It is as though over the past few years the American institutional landscape has been flattened. The most cursory look around shows that. Have the universities gained or lost in authority and autonomy in the last decade? Have the major corporations gained or lost? Have political parties gained or lost? The answer is clear in every case: they have lost authority, autonomy, prestige, and power, they have done so precipitously, and the trend promises to continue.

Authority is deeply resented in any form, and the universities, long perceived as elitist and authoritarian establishments, are natural targets for those riding a new surge of egalitarianism and populism. Not long ago it would have been unthinkable for universities to harbor such turbulence and such destruction of property and academic standards as we saw during the late 1960s. And though the worst of those times are over, it is clear that the university communities have not by any means completely restored their standards, that their morale has been damaged, perhaps permanently, and that some continue to be unable to respond with authority to fresh disruptions, particularly if they come from the left. Indeed, the autonomy and self-governing capacities of universities are now so little thought of that not only legislatures and federal agencies but courts are willing as never before in our history to scrutinize every exercise of discretion. One incessantly sued college president reports that his mother now refers to him as "my son, the defendant."

That this is occurring is undeniable. That it is a general movement affecting all institutions seems equally clear. What may not be evident is why universities in particular have proved so vulnerable and why they have not resisted and do not resist more vigorously and effectively. Should they continue to fail to do so, not only the universities but all of society will be the losers. There was a time, it should be remembered, when it was believed that safety from a powerful state at the service of mass opinion lay in the strength of intermediate institutions, like corporations and universities, that could be relied upon to resist the intrusion of the state. Everybody is quoting Tocqueville these days, and I would refrain were he not so pertinent, even though in this context he also appears so mistaken.

Aristocratic countries, he said, abound in powerful individuals who cannot easily be oppressed and "such persons restrain a government within general habits of moderation and reserve." Democracies contain no such persons, but their role, Tocqueville thought, may be assumed by great private corporations and associations, each of which "is a powerful and enlightened member of the community, which cannot be disposed of at pleasure or oppressed without remonstrance, and which, by defending its own rights against the encroachments of the government, saves the common liberties of the country."

In our time the great private corporations and associations have not played the role assigned them. The question why they have not is well beyond my topic, but it may be worth examining briefly some of the specific reasons why universities have proved both docile and vulnerable to political and bureaucratic encroachments.

The first reason, of course, is simply that as never before higher education is dependent upon federal money. That is true in part because of the higher costs government has forced upon the universities, but it would be true in any event because of higher costs and the inability of higher education to take advantage of

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management techniques and mechanization that are available to private industry. With federal money inevitably come attempts at federal control. That is a firm rule of government, and no one need be shocked by it.

But it would be possible for universities to rally more effective political opposition to control, at least to minimize and contain it, had they not damaged their own images so badly in the recent past. While university spokemen talk of the indispensable role of the university as the base for disinterested scholarship and impartial attempts to understand our world, the universities sometimes behave in ways that belie the image. I would not be misunderstood. Much disinterested and brilliant scholarship takes place in universities. But much takes place that is by no definition disinterested, brilliant, or scholarly, and those activities frequently occur in public and make the newspapers. So it is that when our spokesmen talk of the scholarly ideal, the public thinks it knows better.

It is, moreover, apparent to everyone that university faculties—particularly in the social sciences, humanities, and in the professional schools having relation to public policy—are, to greater or lesser degree, politicized. The causes of the phenomenon are no doubt quite complex, but the fact remains that the faculties of many of our most prestigious universities are perceived and, worse, are perceived correctly, as well to the left of the national political spectrum. It is also apparent that political conclusions are often presented dogmatically and as though they were the result of scholarship, even when it is plain that they are not. Universities are thus seen not entirely as bases of dispassionate analysis but also in large measure as inculcators of political values, and political values of one type. Institutions so perceived are obviously in much poorer position to resist governmental regulation on the grounds that their scholarly independence must not be compromised.

Universities also did incalculable damage to their public reputations by their reactions to assaults during the time of student turmoil. Faculties and administrations frequently seemed to compete to see which could give in to irrational and anti-intellectual demands more rapidly. The message to the public was that the universities themselves were not really serious about the values of intellectual excellence and independence they professed. Observe the popularity of S.I. Hayakawa for standing against disruptions and imagine what were the feelings of the public about those university presidents and faculties who chose to run with the student radicals and to match their rhetoric as a mode of appeasement. The opinions formed then persist.

There is, besides, a pleasure which is nonetheless real, even if perverse, in seeing elitist institutions scream when the remedies they have prescribed for others are applied to them. I don't know how many times I have heard that sentiment expressed in government. But it is certainly true that the academic branch of the intellectual community has strongly supported political control of the other institutions of our society, programs of affirmative action that turned out to be quotas, governmental direction of institutional purposes, and so forth. The academic world, speaking generally, has been actively hostile to the claims of other non-governmental institutions to autonomy in the name of greater efficiency that benefits society. The result is not only that many today take pleasure in the plight of academics forced to swallow their own medicine, but also that the public philosophy of dispersed authority has been undermined and ridiculed by intellectuals who now invoke it for their own benefit. It should not come as a surprise if that invocation is met with a smile.

Once all the resources and institutions of a society are seen as assets to be used by government to satisfy politically defined wants, there is no particular reason why government should not decide it wants short-run scientific results for immediate application rather than basic research; and there is no particular reason why government should not use its grant money to influence curricula so that the large numbers of students the universities and colleges now take may find "education" more entertaining and less arduous. We may argue the wisdom of each of these decisions separately, but we have lost, in large measure through our own efforts, the indispensable presumption that the decision maker should be the institution concerned rather than the government.

I make these points not because I take a gloomy pleasure in saying that the universities asked for it, though it is in some measure true that I do and they did, but because I think the universities' fate inseparable from that of the rest of society. It is simply unreasonable to suppose that general political and social trends will affect every institution other than the university. We will certainly share a common fate.

This is not a counsel to despair, or at least it is not intended as such. Nor is it a counsel to abstain from all but the largest political efforts. General movements are influenced by innumerable small victories and losses over details. There is, therefore, every reason for educators to make their case publicly, to use such political influence as they can muster over the details of political regulation, and to try to educate the President, the Congress, the courts, and, perhaps most importantly, the federal bureaucracy about the ways in which universities work and the harm that is done to them as organisms by well-intentioned efforts to make them perform in ways that are perceived as fairer.

Since it is true that government does not understand universities or the mode of abstract intellectual endeavor, it is important that universities make an effort to understand the nature of bureaucratic government. Bureaucrats are as well-intentioned a group as I have ever seen, but they move according to bureaucratic imperatives of which they are not even aware. We tend to create a new bureaucracy for every principle we wish to enforce. That means every such organization has one principle: health; safety; clean environment; racial equality; sexual equality; whatever. No single principle is fit to live with. At some point every principle becomes too expensive in terms of other values to be pushed further. But most of us would recognize the stopping point much sooner than would an equally intelligent person whose career is defined entirely by the single principle, and so bureaucracies thrust on past the balance point to produce results that are disastrous to institutions and processes that depend upon a balance of principles.

Bureaucracies produce more laws than Congress does. Their ability to do so is considered their virtue, for we now regulate so many details of a complex society that our elected officials cannot begin to cope with the decisions that must be made. The matters are now so complex that congressional oversight is defeated, and indeed the effort to follow the bureaucracy is now so far beyond the politicians' capacities that Congress has created enormous staff bureaucracies of its own to watch the other bureaucracies. The result is not congressional oversight but bureaucratic oversight. And each bureaucracy is specialized by principle. It is not very surprising, then, that regulations are imposed upon the society which, taken one by one as legislative proposals, would not have the slightest chance of enactment by Congress or of escaping a veto by the President.

These considerations suggest to me that universities cannot simply rely upon educating the bureaucracies; they must, if they wish not merely to survive but to survive as vital and autonomous intellectual centers, make the case against any additional regulation and seek to roll back much that now exists.

The first and foremost expectation of government with respect

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to universities, the expectation that should override all others, is that they continue as independent institutions. Growing regulation is incompatible with that expectation and the public case can surely be made by the most articulate group in our society.

It would help if the universities were publicly more assertive. There is in much of the rhetoric coming from university leaders today a defensive note with an unattractive whining undertone, partly, one supposes, because they are aware that they seek an autonomy not granted to others and which many of them have vigorously opposed granting to others. If the society does not understand higher education and research and their needs, it is also true that universities have too little troubled to understand other institutions and their needs. Universities and higher education, for example, are not more complex than corporations and the economic marketplace, and the case against the politicization of the former is really no stronger than the case against the politicization of the latter.

The difficulty is that when we discuss the claims and expectations of government with respect to higher education we are bound to take account of the political-intellectual atmosphere in which government frames those claims and expectations. It is demonstrable that government has come to believe in its own superior competence and morality and has as a consequence undertaken controls that have made economic markets and social processes work less well than they otherwise would. Why should anyone expect that government would suddenly become more modest about its righteousness and abilities when it turned to higher education? That suggests to me that the fate of the universities ultimately depends upon whether the large intellectual class they house comes to understand the institutions of our society or continues to press for statist, central control in all areas but their own.

[The case may be hopeless. In the discussion that followed this and the other talks, a prominent educator-administrator said government had to understand that university faculties were selected on the principle of excellence and that this principle distinguished professors from garbage collectors, whose selection, one gathered, may properly be governed on grounds other than excellence. I was struck not only by the persistence of the claim to university uniqueness but to the apparent use of garbage collection as a metaphor for the activities of the rest of the society.] □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

by

Adam Meyerson

Can Government Keep Health Costs Down?

The Carter Administration has sensibly decided that before it makes any proposal for national health insurance it had better do something about medical costs. Thus the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is proposing an agency to regulate hospital budgets, and will most likely make many similar suggestions before the year is out. And well it might, for cost is *the* problem of American medicine today.

The quality of health care, it is refreshing to observe, is not at issue. On the contrary, modern medicine is one of the great achievements of Western man, and the majority of Americans, like the inhabitants of almost every Western nation, enjoy superb care. Scientific knowledge, nutrition and public health, and pharmaceuticals have so advanced that today the major causes of premature death are accidents and diseases related somewhat to preventable human behavior (e.g., cancer). And for those diseases that still elude prevention, we can usually alleviate the pain.

It is also refreshing to observe that access is no longer the problem it once was. Thanks to Medicare, Medicaid, and private insurance, most people have the financial wherewithal for medical care when they need it. Gaps in access remain: 10-15% of Americans are uncovered by any insurance, a higher proportion of children are uncovered, and millions have no protection against catastrophic medical bills. But lower-class Americans now visit doctors' offices as often as upper-class ones, and while the poor do not get as good care as the rich (in no country do they do so), they generally get as much care.

Cost, however, is irritating everyone. Americans spent $140 billion on health care in 1976, up from $40 billion in 1965, from $73 billion in 1970, up 19% over 1975. Twenty-five years ago, health costs represented 4.5% of GNP, in 1975 they were 8.3%; soon the figure will be much higher. Medicine, of course, is advancing, but few would contend that we are twice as healthy as 25 years ago, even though health expenditures take up almost twice as much of our income proportionally. As health costs go up dramatically, health benefits increase undramatically, and the result is increasing frustration both among those who pay the bills and among doctors and hospital administrators, who see no way of keeping costs down.

The problem of cost is especially severe for government, which now accounts for over 40% of health expenditures. Federal Medicare and Medicaid costs are going up from $36 billion in 1976 to a much higher figure this year, and without some drastic change in our medical system national health insurance would add substantially to government costs. Estimates of the major NHI plans before Congress range from $3 billion to $13 billion in

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additional outlays per year, but cost overruns among defense contractors are nothing compared with those in HEW. When Medicare and Medicaid were introduced in 1965, no one predicted that within a few years the programs would be costing $20 billion annually, let alone a figure nearly twice that for last year. The problem of cost is exacerbated by that of revenue: it was once assumed that national health insurance could be easily financed by payroll taxes, but it is becoming clear that payroll taxes will have to increase enormously just to keep the social security system solvent.

The record abroad is equally discouraging. In only three Western countries, Herbert Klarman points out, are medical costs not rising much faster than national income: England has kept health costs down by minimizing capital spending, with the result that hospitals are too few and too old and waitlists are gigantic; military demands have forced the Israelis to limit their medical expenditures; and the only reason Japan isn't worried is that its national income is rising even faster than medical inflation.

What is more, American government has been unsuccessfully trying to cut medical costs for seven or eight years. The Nixon Administration saw an answer in prepaid group practice, or Health Maintenance Organizations (HMOs), modeled after the prestigious and comparatively inexpensive Kaiser-Permanente Health Plan in California. But the few HMOs that have been started have mostly been disappointments: their costs have tended to be higher than average, when they have cut costs they have done so only by skimping on services, and they continue to be regarded suspiciously by most doctors, without whose enthusiastic cooperation no medical system is worth its price. It turns out that the Kaiser Plan's success has been due in good measure to the quality of its patients—usually hard-working union members and their families; HMOs have had only limited success in inexpensively treating the poor and the aged. For a short time, the Nixon Administration had greater success when it imposed medical price controls; in 1972, prices went up only by 2% after an average annual rise of 6%. But price controls are almost always deceptive: medical costs continued to rise, even though doctors and hospitals could not pass them on, and as soon as the controls were removed the prices accordingly rose much higher than before. Neither state health departments nor private insurance companies have done any better. Medicare/Medicaid and Blue Cross/Blue Shield agencies have all begun carefully scrutinizing medical budgets, checking for abuses, mismanagement, and unnecessary treatment. So far their efforts have been more successful in generating paperwork and frustration than in reducing costs.

Is it realistic, then, for the Carter Administration to try to stop this inflation? One problem confronting it will be inadequate knowledge: we do not really understand the economics of medicine well enough to explain, say, why the removal of a gall bladder costs twice as much in Manhattan as in Philadelphia. But a more serious problem is that the goal of stopping medical inflation may conflict with other political objectives and with some fundamental facts about the character of modern medicine. Perhaps this will become clear if we review some of the reasons why medical costs are rising.

Third-Party Payments. Medical bills have traditionally been paid directly by patients or their families. Since 1950, however, they have increasingly been paid by third parties—Blue Cross/Blue Shield, other private insurers, Medicare and Medicaid. As a result of private and public insurance, millions of Americans can afford kinds of medical care they otherwise could not afford, and millions more are shielded from the financial hardship of potential emergencies. But the growth of third-party payments has also had two inflationary effects. By vastly increasing access to medical care, it has *ipso facto* vastly increased medical expenditures. More important, by reducing the direct connection between a patient's expenditures and his medical care, it has correspondingly reduced his cost-consciousness. Why bother economizing if Blue Cross or Medicare will foot most of the bill? The rigors of the marketplace are not completely absent: patients will economize in choosing their private insurance policy, taxpayers will balk at enormous expenditures for public insurance, and most insurance policies contain provisions for deductibles and copayment (Medicaid is a conspicuous exception). But depending on the terms of copayment, the rational thing for a patient to do is to seek care up to the limits of his insurance. This incentive system necessarily leads to higher medical bills for everyone, to higher premiums for private insurance, and to higher taxes for public insurance; and national health insurance proposals to increase third-party coverage will make these incentives even stronger.

It is possible to increase patients' cost-consciousness by adjusting deductibles and terms of coinsurance—that is, by increasing the proportion of medical bills that patients must pay directly. Certainly it makes sense to require some form of copayment for Medicaid recipients, as many state governors are now proposing. But there are limits to the economies that can be expected. In the first place, the idea of making patients share more of the costs conflicts with prevailing notions of equality: one of the most popular national health insurance bills, Kennedy-Corman, proposes to eliminate deductibles and coinsurance altogether—on the grounds that medical care is a "right" and that any required payments would hurt the poor. Second, it should be remembered that the whole purpose of insurance—private as well as public—is to moderate the harsh-

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ness of the marketplace. If patients feel that deductibles and coinsurance terms are too high, they will find supplementary insurance policies to pay for their copayments. This, in fact, has happened with many Medicare and Blue Cross patients.

Labor-Intensive Service. Like education, opera, and other "service industries," health care is plagued by rising wages without corresponding increases in productivity. Particularly costly are the creature comforts that patients increasingly demand: the hotel functions of hospitals are subject to all the inflationary pressures of hotels, now that semiskilled janitors, dishwashers, and orderlies are unionizing and becoming more aggressive in their wage demands. But the advance of medical technology also contributes to rising labor costs. In most industries new machinery replaces marginal workers, but in medicine it ironically increases dependence on labor —for fancy electrocardiograms require readers and new diagnostic labs require new technicians. Thus it is that labor represents 60% of hospital costs, and the medical system employs more workers than any other sector of the economy.

Unfortunately, there is little hope that medicine can cut its labor costs, at least in the short term—unless hospitals are prepared to resist wage demands, or patients are willing to sacrifice creature comforts, or both are willing to sacrifice the quality of medical care. It is a fact of life that advances in the quality and/or comfort of medical care require increasing dependence on labor. Perhaps that will change in the long run, if ways can be found to steadily increase the productivity of medical workers. At the moment, the record of proprietary or profit-making hospitals shows some hope for increased productivity in the hotel functions of hospital care, but their record has been far less successful for medical treatment itself.

"Halfway Technology." One reason that health costs are rising is simply that the specialized expertise and sophisticated technology of modern medicine are expensive. Kidney dialysis machines, open-heart surgery, brain scanners—these have had a remarkable impact in extending lives and/or easing pain. They also cost a great deal of money. Similarly, the training of neurosurgeons, gastroenterologists, and other specialists has incalculably improved the quality of health care in America, but it has done so at a price. Specialized education is enormously expensive, and specialized expertise is so valuable that patients have been willing to pay handsomely for it, particularly if aided by insurance.

But as Lewis Thomas has pointed out in *The Lives of a Cell* and in a splendid recent issue of *Daedalus*,* the cost of medicine is a function not only of our advancing knowledge but also of our continuing ignorance. Despite all its remarkable achievements in the last hundred years, medical understanding is in some respects still in its infancy, and for many diseases medical technology can only provide what Dr. Thomas calls "halfway" treatment—alleviating symptoms, prolonging life through repeated treatment, but not actually curing the disease. Take cancer, for instance. We are beginning to understand that certain substances can cause cancer. We have developed sophisticated surgical and therapeutic treatments that sometimes can destroy existing cancer cells and more often can prevent them from multiplying. But we do not understand how or why cancers grow, and therefore we cannot prevent cancer as we can prevent polio by vaccination or tuberculosis by isoniazid and other drugs. Polio and tuberculosis each required expensive "halfway technologies" of their own, until we recently began to understand them; now their prevention is simple and inexpensive. But the diseases that account for most deaths today—heart disease, cancer, stroke, and kidney disease—are all still in the "halfway" stage. That's one reason they account for the most deaths.

The antidote to expensive "halfway technology" is intensified scientific research, but as Dr. Thomas cautions us, we should not expect any cost-cutting miracles. Scientific research is time-consuming and erratic, and the insights that lead to genuine understanding are often arrived at accidentally. What is more, the frontiers of medical knowledge are beginning to approach the natural limits imposed by death. We may be able to prevent premature death, but people will always die, and if we find a cure for cancer they will die of something else that might be even more expensive to treat.

The Medical Uncertainty Principle. Millions of Americans do not get enough medical care, but millions more get perhaps too much. Consider one of our favorite rituals—medical checkups. As Lewis Thomas points out, complete checkups are largely unnecessary: only a few diseases—glaucoma, cervical cancer, and breast cancer among them—can be detected early enough to make a difference in treatment, and even fewer require complicated examination. Consider how often we go to the doctor for minor ailments when the local pharmacist or paramedical aide will do. And in the last few years, the amount of unnecessary treatment has certainly been increased by the fear of malpractice suits. Malpractice insurance now costs billions of dollars a year, but the costs are much higher in that doctors and hospitals now conduct all kinds of diagnostic tests, most of them unnecessary, lest they conceivably be accused of neglecting their duty.

At work is what Aaron Wildavsky aptly calls "The Medical Uncertainty Principle." Medicine is only a quasi-science, medical care is only imperfectly related to health, therapies often do not work, diagnoses are often impossible. On the other hand, sometimes therapies do work and sometimes a new test will lead to a successful diagnosis. As Wildavsky points out, the way to resolve uncertainty is for patients to seek, and doctors to prescribe, as much care as possible—usually up to the level of the patient's insurance.

No attempt to cut medical costs can succeed if doctors and patients act this way. But the Medical Uncertainty Principle makes it very difficult to know what care can be eliminated.

Retroactive Reimbursement. At the same time that third-party payments have reduced incentives to economize in seeking health care, the form they usually take has encouraged extravagance in providing it. Most insurance plans—private and public —reimburse hospitals, nursing homes, and doctors' offices retroactively, i.e., for costs already incurred. Doctors and medical institutions have therefore had little incentive to keep costs down, for they know they can usually pass costs on. And hospitals, in particular, have bought as much sophisticated equipment, have hired as many employees, and have offered as much care as their insurance review boards have let them get away with. Why shouldn't they? By so doing, they probably can provide better care.

Many economists, however, see changes in the reimbursement mechanism as a solution to rising costs. They propose reimbursement at predetermined prices, or arbitrary limits on total reimbursement. Thus the New York State Department of Health has discovered a solution to its rising Medicaid bills: it will simply reduce its Medicaid expenditures by 3%, no matter what the hospitals' costs are. Such solutions have a good deal of merit to them. Herbert Klarman has discovered, for example, that rates of hospitalization depend to a remarkable degree on the availability of hospital beds, and that hospital costs could be cut considerably simply by limiting the number of beds. And ironically, one of the possible advantages of comprehensive national health insurance is that government could force the medical industry to economize, by placing an upper limit on medical expenditures.

But remember those fundamental facts about medicine. Remember that advances in medical care require increasing dependence on increasingly expensive labor, that scientific knowledge is incomplete and technology therefore costly, that uncertainty in diagnosis and treatment makes it difficult to know what medical care to eliminate. Remember, too, the egalitarian impulse of modern politics, which wants to offer all citizens access to fine medical care, regardless of their income. We reach the conclusion that unless we are prepared

* "Doing Better and Feeling Worse: Health in the United States," Winter 1977. I am indebted for much of my analysis to the superb essays by Thomas, Aaron Wildavsky, John H. Knowles, Herbert E. Klarman, and Eli Ginzberg.

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to sacrifice either quality or access, there is little we can do to cut costs.

The Carter Administration should therefore be prepared to take the consequences of greater inflation if it insists on some form of national health insurance; and the most it can hope for is that the form it chooses will be less costly than others. There seem to be good reasons, for example, to adopt a catastrophic insurance plan, such as that proposed by Senators Long and Ribicoff; but catastrophic care is by definition the most expensive kind of care, and to limit its costs, it might be best to follow the suggestion Martin Feldstein made several years ago in the *Public Interest*: i.e., to couple catastrophic insurance with fairly high deductibles varying according to income. If the Administration wants more comprehensive insurance, it might be best to limit it to children, as proposed by Theodore Marmor of the University of Chicago. The costs of pediatric care are relatively small and the benefits comparatively great: children have fewer chronic and incurable diseases than adults, and they can probably benefit more from preventive measures. Senator Javits and Representative Scheuer have introduced a bill calling for comprehensive insurance for children and pregnant mothers; they see it as a foot in the door for a complete national health insurance plan, but it might be wiser to think of it as an ultimate goal.

In the meantime, perhaps we should worry a little less about health costs. Most of us are healthy, after all, and it is hard to imagine how lucky we are to be relieved of the pain and the constant threat of death that have afflicted men, women, and their loved ones for most of history. Medical costs have been rising at an irritating rate, and we ought to limit them if we can; but health, as any grandmother will tell you, is just about the most valuable thing in life. One might even say that our health care today is a bargain. □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES
by
Mike Royko

A Requiem for a Tavern

Like old-time politicians, old-time saloons are fast slipping away. Mike Royko knows this well. A Pulitzer prize winning columnist for the Chicago Daily News, *Royko is author of* Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago. *In 1973 he wrote "A Requiem for a Tavern" for his column and later collected it in his volume,* Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends. *With the author's permission we republish it.*

—Ed.

It was 5 o'clock and dusk. In the cocktail lounges along Michigan Av., the martinis were starting to flow. The eager young glands were beginning to congregate in the singles bars on the Near North Side.

But in Swastek's Tavern, 1859 W. Chicago, there were only Stanley the owner, a friend, and the sleeping watchdog.

Stanley was explaining why, after almost 70 years in his family, the corner tavern was being shut down at the end of the month. A glance down the empty bar would have been enough.

"Just look around the neighborhood. So many of the people are old, living on their pensions. The young people move away as fast as they can afford to. The Puerto Ricans go in their own places. By the time I pay for my license and dram-shop insurance, it costs me almost $2,000. So I think it's time to lock it up."

He took out a copy of an antique-dealer's magazine. "Look, I put an ad in for all my fixtures."

The ad described the bar: 26 feet long, solid mahogany, built by Brunswick in 1886.

Stanley slapped the reddish wood. "When my father opened this place, the bar cost $3,700. That was 70 years ago and you could buy a good brick two-flat for that money in those days."

The back bar was in the ad, too. Also mahogany, with ornate carving, pullout wine racks, and one of those huge mirrors that movie cowboys are always throwing things at.

"Some dealer called me from Kentucky. He said he saw the ad and he was willing to take it off my hands for $1,200.

"I laughed at him. Look at it, the cigar counter, the package cabinet, they're mahogany too. Look at this ancient cash register. It rings up quart, pint, half-pint. You know it wasn't designed for any grocery store. I told him to start talking at $8,000. I don't think he understood what he was getting."

It's too bad history can't be put in an ad because Stanley's fine mahogany bar has had a lot of it spilled across the top.

When John Swastek, his immigrant father, opened the place, a 3-cent-a-ride streetcar clanged past. Men with lunch pails and accents came in after work and ordered their nickel shots and nickel beers. They sat at the tables and played pinochle, banging down the cards until their knuckles were swollen.

"Some people say TV killed the tavern business," Stanley said. "You know what did it? When the police knocked out the sociable card games. People want to do more than just drink in a tavern. Look at the English pubs with their darts."

Or the singles bars, for that matter, with their strenuous games.

In those days, a good tavern was a political center. A candidate could get more votes by buying a round than making a speech. And if he bought enough rounds, he could make a speech and the customers wouldn't even laugh.

Some famous political bellies bellied up to Swastek's mahogany. Mayor William (Big Bill) Thompson came in with the local cigar-puffers. So did Mayor Anton Cermak, an anti-Prohibition hero. Martin

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Kennelly came around before he was mayor. And one of the regular customers was Steve Kolinowski, the chief deputy coroner. He would thrill customers with accounts of the latest body to be found in a trunk.

The social evil of Prohibition closed a lot of bars, but not Swastek's.

"My father made the proper arrangements with the politicians and we kept operating. We got our beer from the Touhy gang. His driver always wore two pearl-handled pistols strapped to his hips.

"Our biggest problem during Prohibition was Tubbo the cop, remember him?"

Capt. Daniel (Tubbo) Gilbert, a political badge who became known as the world's richest cop. For years he ran the state's attorney's police. And he ran the state's attorney, too.

Tubbo liked to lean on the mahogany bar. But there wasn't a glass in his hand.

"In those days, he was in charge of the district station. He'd come in here and if we took in $10, he figured his share was $20. No wonder he was the world's richest cop. He could have retired on what he took from us."

Federal Prohibition agents closed the place once. But that turned out for the best.

"The agent got to talking to my father, and when my father told him about putting his kids through school, and some sickness in the family, the agent said he didn't believe in closing up family joints. He was a family man himself.

"So he not only let us reopen, but he sold my father a load of bonded whiskey. Good stuff, too."

Stanley took over the place in 1937, when his father died. He died right behind the mahogany bar.

It happened the night a young man named Jessie James Jackson came in. He worked in a grocery store, but he pulled one robbery a week. Talk about the work ethic.

"He ordered a bag of peanuts and when my father turned, he said it was a holdup. My father grabbed for a gun in the drawer and Jackson shot him four times.

"Then he headed for the door and my father shot him four times. Then they both fell over dead."

Stanley has run it since, and until a few years ago, it did its share of business.

But now it is dark outside and the first good cash customer hasn't come in the door.

Stanley looked out the window, at the store on the other corner. It sells junk. "That used to be a drugstore and it had a running fountain and goldfish swam in it." Next to the junk shop was still another junk shop. "That used to be a real estate agency." So on down the street.

He talked about the softball teams his tavern sponsored, the great feasts in the back room when the neighborhood men came back from hunting duck, deer, and picking mushrooms, the kids coming in for a pail of beer for their fathers, the many breweries that used to make beer in Chicago, the three-piece bands—accordion, piano, and drums—that played on Saturday nights.

But he has no complaints, now that it's all over.

"Why should I? Listen, this place was good to us. My father managed to put us all in college. Two of my brothers are doctors and another one is a lawyer. I went, too, but I liked this business. Now my son is a teacher and my daughter is a nurse.

"So I can't complain. This old bar has been good to us."

Solid mahogany, and they don't make them like they used to. □

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John Nollson

EAR Goes to Peking

Chairman Hua's Labor Camp #57 is a must see, dahlinks, it's so divinely proletarian!

Yes, dEARies, isn't it super that EAR is on the ground in Peking??? It's quieter now after the enormous blowout that welcomed the yEAR of the serpent. EAR's ear ached from the noise of gongs and firecrackers!!! Meanwhile, the whole town has been stood on its ear by the publication of a new quotation from the late, great Chairman Mao. It seems that shortly before he died, the Chairman flip-flopped on the subject of hard rock. "Hard rock is not so bad," reads the latest quotation. That means that the first anniversary of the Chairman's passing will be commemorated by a massive rock concert in People's Stadium. ZZ Top and Led Zeppelin have already signed on, EAR hEARs that the Beatles may appEAR together for the great event. EAR can hardly wait!

They'll never believe it back in Paris, but Yves St. Laurent's new peasant look has become the rage here in Peking! Yves, sweethEARt, you've done it again; you've started a whole new craze! Everywhere you look, people are wEARing Mao jackets! EAR can hardly believe its eyes!

What's behind the big shakeup at the Ministry of Defense??? The way EAR hEARs it, the higher-ups are looking for a scapegoat. It seems that during his trip to the Middle Kingdom last fall, Jim Schlesinger filched one of China's mini-nukes—which he now uses for a paperweight. Shame on you Jim! EAR thinks you should send back that mini-nuke right away!

Why is TV genius Norman LEAR poking around the Great Wall??? EAR hEARs that China Broadcasting has signed him on to do a series on Chairman Mao's last days, with special attention to the role of Madame Mao. Natch, it's going to be called "All in the Family." LEAR can't find anyone who's willing to play Mao's son-in-law, the meathead Polack. EAR thinks Ed Gierek would be super if he's available. Too bad that Stash Radziwill isn't with us anymore! EAR thinks of you often, Stash!

EAR lEARns that China Broadcasting has also purchased exclusive Middle Kingdom rights to ABC's smash television series "Roots." It will be seen all over China, part of a whole new effort to identify with the Third World. EAR thinks the Third World is absolutely divine! Wouldn't you know it, but EAR had lunch just yesterday with the Chinese Alex Haley, Kung Fu-tse, who has traced his ancestry back eighty generations and has learned that he is a direct descendant of Confucius. Ah, Confucius say....

It's on again, off again, as far as the much-traveled Teng Hsiao-p'ing is concerned. Until he knows whether he gets back his old job in the new Administration, he's been working with a small jazz combo, playing all the right weddings! They're billing him as "Teng Hsaio-p'ing, the King of Swing." Take that, Benny Goodman! EAR thinks this is the best news it has hEARd recently. Teng Hsiao-p'ing, do your thing!!!!!

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Well, the latest delegation from Columbia Teachers College has just returned from a tour of the countryside, oohing and ahing over the upbeat mood in the rural labor camps. EAR was just bowled over by its visit to Chairman Mao's Reform Through Labor Camp #57. It's a must see, darlings, it's so divinely proletarian!

EAR would give its eye teeth for an exclusive interview with the widow Mao, but she's dropped out of sight! EAR can at least scotch the rumor that Mrs. Mao will join the sublime Jackie O. on the editorial staff of Viking Press.

Don't breathe a word to a soul, sweethEARts, but EAR has it on the best of authority that Australian press lord Rupert Murdoch has acquired a controlling interest in *People's Daily*! Coming right after his lightning acquisition of *Izvestia*, this new coup makes Murdoch the most powerful media figure in the East!

Why has Pete Rozelle been closeted with the higher-ups of the Ministry of Sport for the past four days? It's all hush-hush, but EAR suspects that Peking is about to become the 310th city to be awarded an NFL franchise. Rozelle was here on People's Liberation Army Day and, according to a reliable informant, blew his mind when he hEARd the sound of a million Chinese chanting in unison, "dee-fense, dee-fense." EAR thinks that Pete has gotten carried away with the prospects for the NFL here in China, but only time will tell.

Well, the Friendship Hotel was the sight of one of the poshest gatherings this old town has seen since Kublai Khan decreed his stately pleasure dome back in the thirteenth century! It was Exxon's welcoming party for Tony the Tiger. The striped one blew into town as part of Exxon's new advertising campaign, "Oil for the Lamps of China." EAR thinks it's hEARd that one before! Tony brought us up to date on the gas shortage back home. I guess you EARwigs back in the States are really freezing your lobes off!

Big doings here on the medical front, darlings! It's not generally known, but the President's mother, Mizz Lillian, hush-hushed it into Peking on the way back from the funeral of the President of India. EAR hEARs that the First Mother is into acupuncture, and will bring back a complete set of gold acupuncture needles to stick into Rosalynn. Mizz Lillian, bless her hEARt, sho nuff do play hardball, yes ma'am!

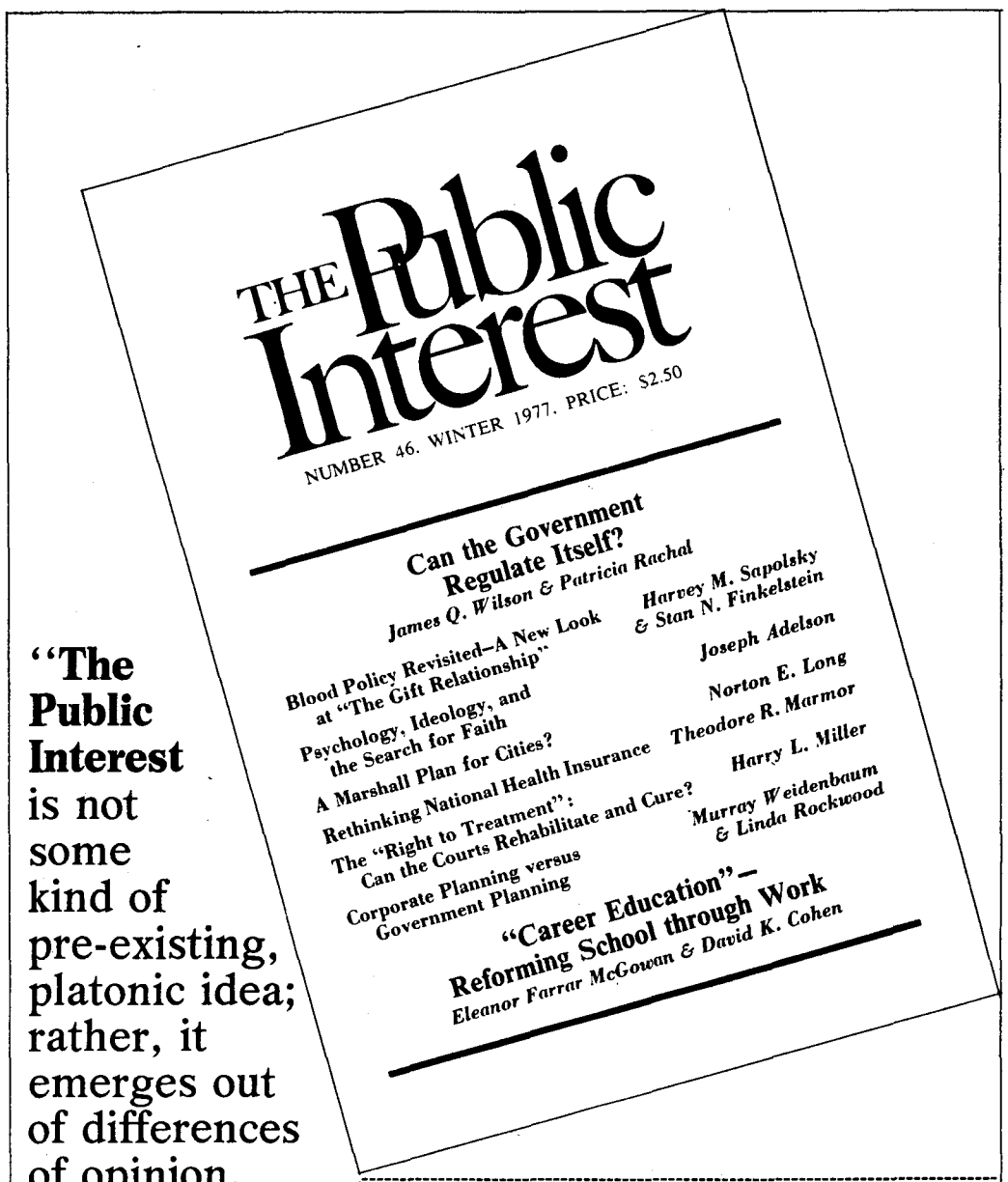
Well, EAR sure did get an EARful on the ideological front! Seems that your reporter, just making small talk on the diplomatic circuit, asked whether Sino-communism was more like Euro-communism or more like Afro-communism. EAR was surprised to hEAR that the Chinese think they have Commo-communism! What's more, that's the first time EAR has ever been called a pale-faced running-dog imperialist. How's that for cheek??? EAR will keep out of politics for a while!

Now, here's a hot item! At Peking's famous movie house—the Chinese Theater, where else, dahlinks, where all the great heroes of the Revolution have had their heads put in cement—they're hard at work on their great revival series! It kicks off with that great classic "Love is a Many Splendored Thing." Suzie Wong (or is it France Nuyen, EAR is forever forgetting which is the actress and which is the character!) and Bill Holden are definitely in town! EAR would love to see a PEARl Buck Week, but the powers-that-be here are really down on PEARl. Speaking of movies, who did EAR bump into the other day but Prince Norodom Sihanouk himself—who's back into directing films! The hot word is that he will direct Hua Kuo-feng, the male lead in the Dino DiLaurentis blockbuster remake, "Son of Fu Manchu."

Well, sweethEARts, still no word on the still-missing body of former defense minister Lin Piao, and Judge Dee and Charlie Chan have been on the case for almost eight years! Can you believe it? EAR can't!

Yes, dEARies, you can't keep a good man down. The irrepressible Idi Amin put the lie to rumors that he's an unlettered boor! Speaking to the Peking University Club, Idi revealed an unsuspected grasp of world lit! He recited from memory Robert Browning's dramatic monologue "The Bishop Orders his Tomb," and then brought the house down by reading a particularly moving chapter from the Willa Cather classic *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Atta boy, Idi!

And, loverlies, that is thirty from the Forbidden City. □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BOOK REVIEW

Sociology as an Art Form
Robert Nisbet / Oxford / $7.95

Charles R. Kesler

Two things distinguish Robert Nisbet from other sociologists: what he says is usually fresh, interesting, and important—no multi-volume studies of California communes for him—and what he says is always said well, with handsome style and refreshing directness—no abstruse Parsonian ramblings or ponderous Hegelian musings, either. Nisbet is a sociologist with common sense and uncommon intelligence and artistry. It seems fitting, then, that he who is both artist and sociologist has finally turned his attention to the relation between the two.

In fact, what he is concerned with in *Sociology as an Art Form* goes deeper than that, for his theme is the basic unity of science and art. All science, natural as well as social. It is a great mistake, Nisbet argues, radically to separate science and art, to believe that science is confined to the rather dreary search for truth, while art exists to express the beautiful or indulge our emotions or tantalize us with verisimilitude. On the contrary, both artist and scientist are concerned "with the illumination of reality,...the exploration of the unknown and, far from least, the interpretation of physical and human worlds." They want to grasp the truth about man and nature; and they go about it in much the same way.

This last point, the unity of the creative act in art and science, is now largely conceded, especially in the light of Jacob Bronowski's fine essays on the subject in *Science and Human Values* and his other works. According to Bronowski, the creative act, for artist *and* scientist, consists in the discovery of a hidden likeness in two or more aspects of nature. Sometimes it takes a genius to discern this likeness: for instance, it took Isaac Newton to connect a falling apple to the planets circling the sun, and to elaborate the connection in the theory of gravity. It took Shakespeare to compare a special someone to a summer's day. Of course, this isn't a complete description of the creative act, but it does point to the importance for science of the creative imagination. It also suggests the great influence the aesthetic may have on the scientific, as in the case of Copernicus, who embraced heliocentrism not for any superiority it possessed in explaining the movements of the heavens—for initially it had no such superiority—but simply because of its beautiful simplicity.

Nisbet devotes the first chapter of his book to a discussion of this thesis about the unity of the creative act. It's all very interesting, but hardly new; the whole chapter is a pastiche of quotations from art historians, philosophers, and historians of science. It seems desultory and untidy. But the point he so belabors, the point about the psychological roots of art and science, is important to the book's principal theme, which is that while sociology is undeniably

a science, it is also partly an art. Imagine—sociology as an art form. Sociology, that most exotic and pretentious and suspicious of the sciences, whose name invites thinly-masked scorn or at least sharp, quizzical looks. Yet it is Nisbet's intent, not only in this volume but in his many others, to show that sociology is not a remote intellectual flight of fancy, that it is a humane discipline close to the experience of Western man over the last two centuries, that it is a vital part of the West's cultural and intellectual heritage.

But Nisbet worries that modern sociology has nearly forgotten its roots; that in its blind preoccupation with making itself more and more scientific, it has given up trying to be more and more creative. Not that he's opposed to science; he's opposed, rather, to the corruption of science. His book can be thought of, he avers, "as a kind of prophylaxis against, not science, but *scientism*, which is science with the spirit of discovery and creation left out." The essential error of scientism is to confuse what he calls the logic of discovery with the logic of demonstration. The latter is concerned mostly with rules, prescriptions, and methodology; the former is not. That is to say, it is manifestly impossible to distill *Das Kapital* or *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* from a treatise on scientific method. Yet the current preoccupation with method persuades many sociologists that "a small idea abundantly verified is worth more than a large idea still insusceptible to textbook methods of verification." Sociology thus devolves into the science of small ideas, and sociologists into bite-size thinkers.

The founders of sociology didn't have this problem. Tocqueville, Marx, Weber, Durkheim, and Simmel—the discipline's seminal thinkers—never balked at attacking a problem because they couldn't immediately and "scientifically" verify their conclusions. They plunged in anyway, using their imaginations to help understand things, relying on art when science would not do. And art provided means not only of understanding, but also of representing reality. That is, even as, say, Cézanne painted landscapes, so these men created sociological landscapes in the form of Tocqueville's reflections on democracy and the coming to power of the masses, or Marx's picture of the rise of industrial capitalism, or Simmel's urban panorama in *Metropolis and Mental Life*. Even as Dickens created remarkable portraits of characters like Thomas Gradgrind and Josiah Bounderby, so the sociologists crafted portraits of such types as the bourgeois, the worker, and the bureaucrat.

Furthermore, as individual artists and artistic epochs have characteristic styles, so do sociologists and the periods in which they work. Here Nisbet could have discoursed a little more, for he pays scant attention to Durkheim, whose style consequently never quite takes shape. (In general, for extended treatment of any of these figures one must consult his earlier work, *The Sociological Tradition*, which is excellent, except that its treatment of Marx is decidedly ungenerous.) Some chronology would also have been helpful to the general reader in fixing exactly what were the various styles of sociology, when they appeared, and how they developed. Footnotes, far from distracting, would have been welcome, not

Charles R. Kesler is a junior at Harvard, majoring in social studies.

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only to guide further reading, but to stiffen his claims that quantitative studies and modern research have sharply qualified some of the hypotheses and artistic visions of these grand thinkers.

Nevertheless, the central point is that none of these marvelous creations—the sociological landscapes and portraits by Weber, Marx, and the others, which in one way or another have directed sociological inquiry ever since—none of these originated in a sedulous attention to scientific method or were, at least for many years, scientifically verifiable. They were, rather, creations of imaginative intellects, open to art as well as science, who sought determinedly to make sense out of the great changes rolling over European society. By redirecting attention to these men, and by reconsidering the very nature of sociology, Nisbet may help restore a little life, in all senses of the word, to contemporary sociology. Certainly *Sociology as an Art Form*, whose 139 pages are filled with the lively thoughts of one sociologist about the living thoughts of others, is a step in the right direction. □

BOOK REVIEW

Letters of E.B. White

Edited by Dorothy Lobrano Guth / Harper & Row / $15.00

James Grant

E.B. White is a reluctant master. He writes beautifully, yet dreads writing, and is, therefore, a star and guide to every writing man. For fifty years, he has stewed about his output—verse, essays, children's books, and the redoubtable *Elements of Style*, with William Strunk, Jr. Once he wrote a poem about not writing, titled "Ballad of Little Faith."* His "Sloth," an essay, begins: "As the year (1933) goes into its dying phase, the thing that most distresses us is the paucity of our literary output. Other than these few and rather precise little paragraphs, into which we pour the slow blood of our discontent, we never get around to writing anything at all, in a world when not to write is considered irregular." Dorothy Lobrano Guth, White's godchild and editor of this marvelous collection of letters, observes that White is the least literary of men, that he commutes to the world of books, but lives at his farm in North Brooklin, Maine. Still, writing lies heavy on White's mind, and words haunt his letters.

This is a big book—662 pages of letters, all by White—and we readers learn a good deal about our man. He was a New York Giants fan, in their day, and wears Brooks Brothers shirts, which are too long in the sleeves; he once picked up James Joyce's *Ulysses*, but the book made him nervous, and he put it back down; his son, Joel, has a degree in naval architecture from MIT and runs a boatyard in North Brooklin; his stepson is Roger Angell, who turns baseball into poetry in the *New Yorker*; White has an ulcer; while a student at Cornell, he tried to cross the Fall Creek Gorge in Ithaca on the handrail of the Stewart Avenue bridge; he chooses not to fly; he briefly underwent psychoanalysis.

As to politics, White, a part-time farmer, doesn't accept government lime, on principle. His letters show that he disowned World Federalism not long after his editorials endorsing universal government appeared in the *New Yorker*, at the close of the Second World War. "We now have a full blown Fascist movement underway," White declared in 1965, with a nod toward Governor Wallace, yet in more than a hundred pages of letters written during the Vietnam era, he never mentions the war. Politics isn't White's best subject, but the love of plain expression and Henry David Thoreau, whom he knows by heart, rescue him from most philosophical scrapes. In the days following Pearl Harbor, White was summoned to Washington to help prepare a pamphlet explaining Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, which needed all the help they could get. The project made him miserable. "The conversation today," White wrote his wife, Katharine Angell, from Washington, "reminded me a little of the early New Deal period when Wallace was talking about one God and one king—and it all seems so far removed from the people, who are full of tiny faults and virtues and whose name is Schmaltz and Henderson."

As a letter writer, White is in his glory, saying the words. "Thank you for your many courtesies," White tells Harold

James Grant is an associate editor of Barron's National Business and Financial Weekly.

* The *New Yorker*, April 28, 1928. It reads, in part:

When I sit down with proper zeal
To write the play I really feel
Gird on the pen
With strength of ten
And try to do some thinking
I find it's time to pay a call
Or put the laundry in the hall
Or kiss a maid
Or build my trade
Or do a little drinking.

Germany gets the peanut.

And a lot more.

Like cotton. And eggplant. Even pineapple crops are being tried in the once-cold soil of Germany. Thanks to a project called AGROTHERM, run by a number of West German power companies.

As cooling water leaves electric generating plants, it is piped into the German soil with amazing results: Corn grows 3 feet taller, potatoes mature 4 weeks sooner, and the sugarbeet crop increases by 70%. That, Friends of the Earth, is "thermal pollution."

The Germans are setting down to practicing the only type of energy conservation that makes sense—cutting the waste, not the use, of energy.

The above is an excerpt from the December 1976 issue of *ACCESS TO ENERGY*. This same issue also contained articles on the progress of geothermal energy, on the disposal of nuclear wastes, on the pros and cons of coal, and a commentary on the nuclear ballot results in recent state elections.

ACCESS TO ENERGY is a pro-science, pro-technology, pro-free enterprise monthly newsletter, now in its fourth year of technical enlightenment, opposition to government interference in free markets, and the exorcism of environmental Prophets of Doom. Published by Dr. Petr Beckmann, professor of electrical engineering at the University of Colorado, it is written for the layman. But Ph.D's renew, too.

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Anthony Harrigan in SENSING THE NEWS

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Ross, founding genius of the *New Yorker*, "which I often brood over." To Howard Cushman, White's partner in youthful vagabonding: "I wish you were along, tramping along." To James Thurber, White's early cellmate at the *New Yorker*, on the history of the United States: "...first the pilgrims, with a dead fish in every hill of corn, then the long winter at Valley Forge, then Emerson and the exaltation of those transcendental days when the Peabodys and the Hawthornes and the Hales were founding a pure blood strain that finally produced Katharine, then bloody Shiloh, and the blizzard of 1888, and the wonderful vital Bull Moose era when you were running your electric backwards to unwind the speedometer and I was playing cops and robbers and wondering why I couldn't pee except when I was alone, then Verdun, and a brave new streamlined world crumbling from its own strange malefactions."

White's words have delighted the public at large since 1925, when they first appeared in Ross' new fifteen-cent (the competiton was a nickel) weekly. From the outset, White proved himself invaluable to Ross, but Ross never proved himself invaluable to White, who chafed at the hours 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and the days Monday through Friday, and who quit the magazine for Maine and a respite from weekly deadlines in 1937. White set the tone for his own irregular employment on the *New Yorker* by falling ill immediately upon being hired, thus leaving Ross in the maddening lurch of at once having and not having exactly the man he needed.

"The *New Yorker*," White related in 1929, his thirtieth year, "has a tendency to make me morose and surly, [and] the farther I stay away from it the better." If being at the magazine depressed White, writing for it pleased him. "I discovered a long time ago," he wrote to his brother Stanley the same year, "that writing of the small things of the day, the trivial matters of the heart, the inconsequential but near things of this living, was the only kind of creative work I could accomplish with any sincerity or grace. As a reporter, I was a flop, because I always came back laden not with facts about the case, but with a mind full of the little difficulties and amusements I had encountered in my travels. Not till the *New Yorker* came along did I ever find any means of expressing those impertinences and irrelevancies."

But White wanted to do more than what came naturally and well. He took leave of home and job for a while in 1934 and 1937 to write a long autobiographical poem, something enduring, but the months yielded little—White soon "wearied" of the project, the editor reports, "or fell short of being able to sustain it"—and White, his wife and son in tow, set off for Maine. There he raised chickens and kept a cow and wrote a monthly column for *Harper's*, "One Man's Meat," which inspired John Updike's mother, among unnumbered other city folk, to buy a farm. He returned to the *New Yorker*'s war-depleted staff in 1943, staying on through the early fifties. White wrote "Notes and Comment," the magazine's editorial department, through 1949, and a series of essays called "Points of My Compass" during the early sixties. To this day, he prepares the newsbreaks and taglines that gently fill out, or "justify," *New Yorker* columns. (Actually, as White suggests, it is advertising—"the jungle through which winds the thin, clear stream of our discourse"—that justifies nearly everything at the *New Yorker*.)

These are White's letters, all of them, and at times one longs to hear the other side of the conversation. But hearing it would mean a bit less White, whose charm lies in how he writes rather than in what he says when provoked by another mind. Ideas, in their unadorned state, seem to worry White, who casts his thought in specifics. When Rexford G. Tugwell hatched a harebrained and sinister population resettlement scheme during the thirties, White rose up in defense of freedom, armed not with dogma but with a lyrical statement of the joys of city life—the life which Washington wished to disturb. "There is something passionate about the early hours of a scorcher in town," White wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "a vibration, as though something fierce were brewing, a thunderstorm of the senses." There are disappointing omissions in White's correspondence—no references, for instance, to Evelyn Waugh or Red Smith, two of his peers in style. Neither does White refer to Brendan Gill's *Here at The New Yorker*, a bitchy book got out for the magazine's fiftieth anniversary two years ago, in which Gill, the *New Yorker*'s drama critic, hazards: "It was in Thurber's nature to inflict pain, and I suppose it was in White's nature to wish to accept it."

A puzzling charge (hardly credited in White's *Letters*), although White surely suffered. Illness, worry, and reluctance are themes that lace his writings to friends. Nearly everyone, from time to time, has wanted White to accept a medal or run a magazine or endorse a cause, but White mostly declined, often explaining, in effect (as he did in fact to Christopher Morley, who offered him editorship of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, in 1936): "My health is always whimsical, and I turn out shockingly little work in the course of a week.... I'm a literary defective—I read so slowly and so infrequently that it causes talk even here in my own family...."

Yet White conquered all, including White. "I don't know which makes me more miserable," he brooded to Bristow Adams, in 1957, "writing, or being unable to write." The good man had no choice. □

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THE TALKIES
by
David Everitt

Worst Movie of the Year

Network has been nominated for ten Academy Awards including all the major categories: best picture, director, screenplay, actor, and actress. In the voting for the New York Film Critics Awards it placed second for best film of the year, second for best performance by an actress (Faye Dunaway), and first for best screenplay. In lieu of such qualities as style, coherence, and perception, *Network* seems to have muscled its way to all these honors through sheer force of pretension. The award for best screenplay is most bewildering, for it is clearly screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky's simple-minded vision that makes *Network* the most grating movie to come along in quite a while, perhaps since *Hospital*, which Chayefsky also wrote.

Network is supposed to be a satire, but instead it is a "message film" in the unfortunate sense of the term. And the message is essentially this: TV is ruthless, TV is ruthless and, furthermore, TV is ruthless. Accordingly, when Chayefsky satirizes the world of TV, the ridicule is something less than surprising, and the movie stops being funny halfway through. Chayefsky plays with such a stacked deck and overloads his situations with such broad contrivance that his targets become nothing more than clay pigeons just begging to be shot down. Even the most absurd gags need to be built up with a sense of naturalness that gulls the viewer into accepting them as logical conclusions. But in *Network* there is no such graceful unfolding. It is always laboriously clear exactly where the plot is headed. What with the vehemence and thoroughness with which Chayefsky debunks the television industry, it makes one wonder if he thinks there is actually some strong body of opinion that claims that TV is honorable and beyond reproach. His basic premise is ultimately a non-issue, a non-controversy.

Chayefsky's limited success at humor early in the movie would have been agreeable enough if the film had wound up with some sort of dramatic integrity. Alas, this was not to be. Instead we have a parade of one-dimensional characterizations and bombastic posturing. Chayefsky isn't content anymore to write dialogue, he writes lectures. His characters don't exchange lines, they swap platform statements. If a character is neurotic there is no reason to keep your eye out for revealing nuances or even outright actions. He or she will tell you so and in just those words and if you miss it the first time around, not to worry, it'll be said again and again. As in *Hospital* all the dramatic possibilities are sapped somewhere in the first half while the characters continually subject each other to self-reportage and self-definition.

The characters themselves are not really human beings. They are symbols, simplistic and shrill. And in case you don't tumble to this in the first hour and a half, William Holden is kind enough to tell Faye Dunaway that she is "TV incarnate" just for good measure. Of all the characters, the only one with more than one dimension is Holden, and he just doesn't make sense. Most of the time he is supposed to be the wisest and most sophisticated of the crowd, and at the same time he is supposed to be moronic enough to get into an affair with the blatantly viperish Dunaway. This might well be the most inane love affair the screen has ever known. Dunaway deceives Holden, takes advantage of him, gets him fired, and leaves him castrated. The first chance he gets, Holden then tells her that he can't live without her. In this manner, they are slapped together, affording Chayefsky innumerable opportunities for more speeches. One might suppose that in addition to "TV is ruthless," a subordinate message would be "Love is strange." For lack of any personal cohesion, the Holden character seems merely to serve as a mouthpiece for whatever Chayefsky feels like lecturing about at the time. The pity of it is that Holden looks prepared to give one of the most eloquent performances of his impressive career. Through the shabby seams of the script he manages to evoke a well-rounded richness that might have been fully realized in an intelligible part.

The other Oscar nominees do not fare much better. Peter Finch and Robert Duvall are first-rate actors but cannot do much with narrowly defined roles, and Faye Dunaway plays the unhappy femme fatale with just enough flutters and twitches to be annoying. Oscar-nominated director Sidney Lumet has made good movies before, but the auteur theory notwithstanding, a good director just cannot mise-en-scène his way out of a bad script.

Network is a movie that is hard to be blasé about. Other pictures have just as little to offer, but this film is so aggressively intent upon appearing important that it invites the strongest reaction from anyone who dislikes it. The movie is additionally irritating because Chayefsky used to be so good, especially in those days when he wrote for, of all sordid things, television. With such teleplays as *Marty*, *Bachelor Party*, and *Middle of the Night* he put a compelling focus on some of the so-called small things in life, putting to use a wonderful ear for common speech that was as natural-sounding as it was incisive. Now

Great Americans Series

PORK QUEEN

Miss Lois Hanebutt of Center Township was crowned the Hendricks County Pork Queen Friday, and will be representing the Hendricks County Pork Producers in the state contest. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hanebutt, Danville, and will be a junior at DHS.

Miss Lana Pritchett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Pritchett of Center Township, was the runner-up.

—from the *Republican*
of Danville, Indiana
July 15, 1976

David Everitt writes from Great Neck, New York.

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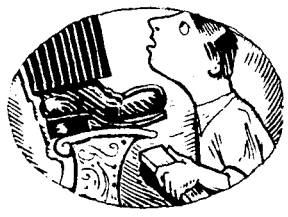
he appears determined to speak of nothing but "big things" which come off sounding very small.

When Holden's wife finds out about his affair with Faye Dunaway, Holden tries to explain to her what is at work in his attraction for this unscrupulous woman. Along the wordy way he brings in an analogy to *Anna Karenina*, which, of course, is very sophisticated. In *Marty* the only literary references Chayefsky made were to Mickey Spillane. "Boy, that Mickey Spillane, he sure can write." "What I like about Mickey Spillane is he knows how to handle women." The reference is obviously meant to be laughable, and fully is, while at the core being somewhat pathetic and revealing. The reference to Tolstoy, on the other hand, just smacks of a sorry pitch for intellectual status.

In the climactic scene of *Network*, the Dunaway character is described as "TV incarnate" because she is heartless and unfeeling. In the fifties it was TV that broadcast such heartful, compassionate works as *Marty* and *Bachelor Party*. Clearly television has taken a precipitous spill since the "golden age," but no less than Chayefsky, its critic. □

THE BOOTBLACK STAND



Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has accepted a staff position with the House Ethics Committee, but he has graciously consented to continue advising American statesmen in these times of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Alternative.

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Life is like nothing I've ever seen before. I am now a media superstar. In the far-off yesterday I was just a suspected Communist and ex-con. Now people stop me on the street to tell me that they saw me on the Today Show and mention admiringly that it appeared I had forgotten to wipe the shaving cream from my face or that my shoes didn't match or that throughout the interview my coat collar was up and my fly was open. How absent-minded I am, but harmless, absolutely harmless. I recall a gorgeous spring morning in 1959 when I snagged my crew neck sweater on a nail on my front door and walked six blocks before a Good Samaritan informed me that all I had left was a very long piece of wool thread and a collar. On another occasion I almost did myself irreparable damage when I mistook my son's pet cobra for a pair of *Lederhosen*. Hee hee, the cobra was furious; and I never did find the *Lederhosen*, much to my chagrin, for I was on my way to a movie about concentration camps in Chile and many were irate when I arrived without my *Lederhosen*. I suspect they were disappointed, for I had told them so much about them; one lady threw up. That really happened. Anyway now that I have been dealt a new hand I want to renew my public life. I want to run for Congress, and why not on the slogan "Alger's Back"? Would you lend me some counsel? As ever,

Alger Hiss

Dear Mr. Hiss:

Relax, stick to your stamp collection. Things are going your way now, and if the media continues to celebrate you, you may be able to wangle a Supreme Court nomination or even a position on the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. By the way I thought it cunning of your son Tony to describe you in his new book as an extremely "private" man. Some people have a lot to be private about, eh Alger?

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Now that we have signed Henry Kissinger to a 1.5- to 3 million-dollar contract to comment on international relations, there is some disagreement around here as to precisely what sorts of international issues he should deal with. My more liberal colleagues feel we should only ask the Republican former secretary of state to discuss those matters in which he was intimately involved, mainly the senseless bombing and maiming of countless thousands of innocent Vietnamese men, women, and children. I, being more of a centrist, feel he should contain his comments to traditional Republican matters of interest, like international sports events. After all we have scrupulously avoided hiring Republicans in our news division. To allow one to comment extensively on international relations during the Carter Administration could jeopardize national security. Have you any suggestions?

Yours cordially,
Herbert Schlosser
President, NBC

Dear Mr. Schlosser:

Recent pictures of Mr. Kissinger, which show him spilling out of his already capaciously cut suits, inspire a solution to your problem. Have the former secretary of state comment only on those aspects of his diplomatic career in which his performance was truly remarkable. Ask him to reflect on the really superior *pêches cardinals* he has known. I know he would be eloquent on all sorts of important events from a towering *tarte au fromage frais* to a sentimental *chou rouge à la limousine*. I myself have heard him discourse ardently on *mousse au chocolat*, and let me assure you his remarks were intelligent and poignant. As your series continued you could feature historic NBC news clips showing how Mr. Kissinger's circumference expanded during his years of public service. You could interview his tailor and even feature an exchange with his gastroenterologist. Perhaps you could show him expounding on a memorable Bavarian Cream Pie, while standing before a blown-up X ray of his large intestine.

Give this suggestion careful thought. If you fail to act the Public Broadcasting Service is bound to. —GWP

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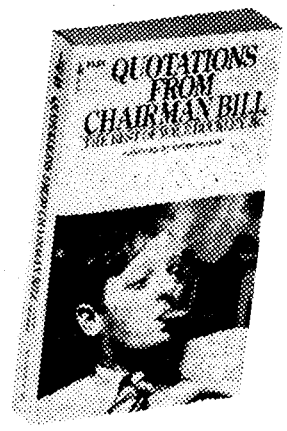

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BOOK REVIEW

Underground Notes

Mihajlo Mihajlov / Sheed Andrews & McMeel / $10.00

Maurice Friedberg

Of Yugoslavia's two most prominent political dissenters, one, Milovan Djilas, is currently under a kind of house arrest but receiving a rather generous government pension, while the other, Mihajlo Mihajlov, is in jail for defaming the Tito regime. The fates of the two men illustrate the inconsistencies and contradictions of Yugoslav politics, sometimes relatively liberal, more often modeled after those of the Soviet bloc.

Mihajlo Mihajlov, a Yugoslav-born son of Russian émigrés, was a young assistant professor of Russian literature when he was sent in the mid-1960s to the Soviet Union to do research in his discipline. Upon his return, Mihajlov published in the West *Moscow Summer*, a book of travel impressions that made him famous and also established him as an enemy of the Soviet regime and hence a political embarrassment at home. The situation was not improved by the subsequent publication of *Russian Themes*, and is not likely to be affected by his *Underground Notes*, a collection of essays written over a period of five years. Several of these had been previously published in England and in the United States. With the exception of a brave attempt at a new reading of *Anna Karenina*, all deal with political problems.

Mihajlov, as the book's jacket informs, is known as "Yugoslavia's Solzhenitsyn." This, however, is true only in the sense that the two men share a steadfast opposition to Communism and a profound concern for religious values. Thus, in one of his essays Mihajlov declares unequivocally that "the inevitable premise of the struggle against any Communist and non-Communist totalitarianism is the criticism of atheism." Mihajlov is also convinced that "all those people who blame historical Russia for the sins of the Communist dictatorship, no matter how different their present ideological and political positions are, have one thing in common: their atheism"—a statement that is patently untrue. Millions of rank-and-file Communists in such devoutly Catholic countries as Poland and Hungary may be quite wrong in confusing Russia's national heritage with the ideology of the Soviet regime. This, however, does not make these God-fearing Polish and Hungarian workers and péasants atheists. Still, in the best single essay in *Underground Notes*, Mihajlov does not hesitate to take Solzhenitsyn to task for what he regards as anti-Christian (and hence, also "anti-Russian"!) overtones of his political creed as expounded in *Letter to Soviet Leaders*. In Mihajlov's view, the "*Letter* represents a tremendous danger and a trap for the future of Russia and of mankind." While warning against the evil of ideologies as such (the significance of which, Mihajlov believes, Solzhenitsyn greatly exaggerates), Solzhenitsyn "proposes an authoritarian future for Russia" which "in an ideological sense, paradoxically repeats Lenin's sin." A firm democrat, Mihajlov reminds the exiled Russian novelist that

> ...legality is the direct opposite of *any* authoritarianism, and it can exist only in a pluralistic, democratic society. Legality is inseparably linked with *the equal rights of all* before the law. Authoritarianism, on the other hand, presupposes unquestionable superiority of one certain ideology, principle, religion, doctrine, and that means of one certain group of people—be it a party, church, aristocracy, scientists—who are then the proponents, carriers and interpreters of the reigning principle.

Unfortunately, the other pieces in the volume, ranging from a defense of Marx's theory of alienation from attacks by the Marxist Djilas to reflections on the modern Catholic Left, are often shallow and sloppy. A relatively obscure Russian émigré tract, Roman Redlikh's *Stalinism as a Spiritual Phenomenon*, is hailed as "itself a spiritual phenomenon of paramount importance." Writes Mihajlov: "I don't know of any better and more serious theoretical book about Soviet society, and generally about Communism in all its forms"—which is extravagant praise indeed, if only in view of the sheer volume of competition that comes to mind. The book's interest, then, is not intrinsic, and the volume can be only recommended to those with an *a priori* interest in the Yugoslav rebel's thought. Presumably, such readers won't also mind the very poor editing and careless translation. □

Maurice Friedberg is chairman of the department of Slavic languages and literatures at the University of Illinois. He is author of A Decade of Euphoria: Western Literature in Post-Stalin Russia.

MONKEY TRIAL

(continued from page 4)

olized the public discourse comparing their conditions as women or as homosexuals to the historically oppressed condition of blacks are frauds, freeloading on the misery of the past and on the compensatory impulse of the present. It is a shameful thing; black civil rights leaders who float on the *Zeitgeist* and allow this kind of bombast to go unchallenged are a curious lot.

Today the land abounds with white people who rue the fact that fifteen years ago they did not spy the Negro civil rights movement for the winner that it proved to be and who now will leap on almost any so-called social justice bandwagon so long as it costs them little, is fashionable, and has a reasonable chance of giving them the feeling they are acting heroically on behalf of an historic sure thing. This is true of most of the so-called women's liberationists and even truer of the so-called homosexual rights advocates.

Whether inspired by guilt or opportunism these impostors have become the worst nuisances since the reformers of the early twentieth century commenced their wars against Demon Rum and licentiousness. Not content with the traditional quack causes, these nuisances have excogitated new ones with which to victimize the average Americano, for instance the movement to extend civil rights to trees. Yet their ardor for each cause seems to be conditioned by circumstances. In the case of Mr. Flynt all other ideals are to be abjured in deference to what is called his freedom of expression. Not only is Mr. Flynt to be free to exploit his readers, scorn women, humiliate decent working-class men, publish arrantly racist material, and sell fraudulent goods; but apparently all judgment of him is to be suspended. His excesses have hardly been mentioned by anyone save the heinous and probably Hitlerite Cincinnati prosecutors.

There is a wonderfully absurd double standard that flourishes in these farces produced, directed, and starred in by the heralds of the New Age. If General Motors ever made the claims for a Buick that *Hustler* makes for a set of genitals, Ralph Nader would be leading a mob on Detroit. Mr. Flynt's production line includes sex

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aids that look like the instruments of a medieval torture chamber, yet if the sleuths from the Federal Trade Commission entered a complaint, Mr. Talese and his colleagues would be howling persecution and demanding that the agency get back to the noble work of expurgating mouthwash ads and Wonder Bread wrappers. In all the pother not once have I heard any of the vicarious civil libertarians even mention that along with the infantile sex Mr. Flynt also publishes racist stuff like cartoons of grotesque Negroes crawling after rat traps baited with watermelon.

As the years fall away it is ever more obvious that a vast number of liberals are more serious about their images than about true liberalism. Mr. Talese equates sexual freedom ("sexuality" in his high-falutin idiom) with political freedom. Think of it, the freedom to vote, to assemble, to form political parties, and to speak out on political issues, is all of a piece with the freedom to sell marital aids. To quote Mr. Talese, "Sexuality is not divorced from the politics of government. Its suppression is entwined with attempts to regulate human behavior through control of imagery." Imagine how that lunatic yawp would go over with Vladimir Bukovsky and the starving prisoners of the Gulag! Assuming Mr. Talese is serious, his problem is a colossal inability to discriminate, and it is ironic that just this inability to discriminate is what many First Amendment zealots charge against the American people.

They claim that free citizens are not capable of discriminating between pornography and *Ulysses*. But those who cannot discriminate between the condition of Andrei Sakharov and that of Mr. Larry Flynt are dubious judges of others' dis-

(*continued on page 39*)

BOOK REVIEW

Responses: Prose Pieces, 1953-1976
Richard Wilbur / Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / $3.95

Anthony Harrigan

Ordinarily, it is a mistake to take the measure of a poet from his occasional prose works. Poets often are poor at explaining and analyzing. Their feeling for order tends to dissolve in the essay form. This isn't the case, however, with Richard Wilbur, one of the finest poets of the post-World War II generation. The sixteen essays in this book, written over a period of 25 years, are fully expressive of his sensibility. Anyone who has enjoyed his books of poems, beginning with *The Beautiful Changes And Other Poems*, will profit from Wilbur's reflections on poetry and life.

For those who want to comprehend Richard Wilbur's view of poetry and life, the most important essays in the book are "A Speech at a Ceremony," "Poetry and Happiness," and "On My Own Work." Like Robert Frost's work, Richard Wilbur's poetry is understandable and straightforward. He is not, he notes, "a programmatic poet." He isn't ideological. This doesn't mean that he is a poet without ideas, however. In *Responses*, he speaks of the poet's desire to speak to and for a nation that is a community. He recognizes, however, that "We are not a settled and monolithic nation; we are not really one culture...." He refers to the "atomism of American life." Yet he specifically rejects the attitude or role of the alienated writer.

The hand and mind of the poet is in these prose comments on the spiritual impoverishment of our country as a result of "an incoherence aggravated by an intolerable rate of change." He writes: "The church in our country is broken into hundreds of sorry and provincial sects; colleges of Christian foundation hold classes as usual on Good Friday; our cities bristle like quartz clusters with faceless new buildings of aluminum and glass, bare of symbolic ornament because they have nothing to say...."

Perhaps the finest expressions of Wilbur's sensibility are in the commencement address "A Speech at a Ceremony." In this essay, the reader discovers what Wilbur celebrates—"the learned mind and the articulate spirit."

Although Wilbur rejects the notion that one should look to poets for new philosophies or new intellectual structures, his commencement address is rich in philosophical insight. He condemns, for example—and in his poet's superb phrase—"the blank, intransitive heart of the heroes of Albert Camus." In novel after novel of our times, he writes, "we have been shown this peculiarly modern form of sickness or suffering: the inability to feel, or the inability to feel other than perversely."

Richard Wilbur has a keen sense of what modern Americans are losing. He also has an exceptionally sharp sense of place

Anthony Harrigan, executive vice president of the United States Industrial Council, edited and contributed to the Ten Poets Anthology, *a collection including early work by Richard Wilbur.*

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which is evidenced in his essay "Regarding Places." He points out, for example, that a feeling "for the lay and character of the land must have been near universal in the ancient Mediterranean world....Japan, to this day, is attentive and imaginatively responsive to every natural scene." Indeed, the sense of place was very strong in Americans of the past. Now, it is withering away. "Certain ways and means of perceiving nature are fast being lost to us," he notes. "The small farm is vanishing, and the experience of great solitudes is harder to come by. The common language of rural topography—that vocabulary of dell, swale, coppice, and coomb which Hardy used so well—has fallen into disuse, so that we are relatively speechless before the landscape."

These comments reflect Richard Wilbur's concerns—the traditional concerns of the poet, the "private experiences of nature or God or love." And these prose pieces make plain how well qualified he is to be a poet for our time. "Qualified" may seem a strange word, but many able writers are disqualified because they are alienated, because their language is absurdly esoteric, and because they lack respect for our humanistic civilization. Richard Wilbur has the intellect, craftsmanship, and philosophy to discover and express in the right words the facts of our inner experience in this age. This is a very rare gift. It is manifested as clearly in Wilbur's prose as in his poetry. □

BOOK REVIEW

American Labor and European Politics
Roy Godson / Crane, Russak & Co. / $14.50

William A. Douglas

Recent years have seen a torrent of writings on U.S. labor's international activities by revisionists, New Leftists, and vestigial fellow travelers. In the works of Ronald Radosh, Sidney Lens, George Morris, Fred Hirsch, Philip Agee, and Ruth Needleman the reader enters into a mythological world in which the AFL-CIO is one of the principal demons, working in collusion with the CIA, the military-industrial complex, Wall Street imperialism, and the Pentagon to make the world safe for penetration by multi-national corporations. All this sounds very exciting, but it bears no relation to the stodgy everyday world of the working staffs of AFL-CIO sponsored international programs. U.S. labor's overseas representatives are in fact kept ignorant of what the CIA is up to, receive only benign neglect from most corporate boardrooms, are considered lunatic radicals by the colonels in the Military Assistance Groups, and think it a major financial coup when they can wheedle an extra $20,000 in contract money out of AID.

With the publication of Roy Godson's book, we at last have a detailed study of one period in postwar AFL activity which is written from a viewpoint blessedly free of all the Marxist and dependency-theory ideological baggage of the writers mentioned above. Godson, a professor of political science at Georgetown University and a second-generation expert on U.S. labor's international affairs, takes as a case-study the AFL's work in France and Italy from 1947 to 1950 in countering Communist efforts to dominate European labor and use it to disrupt the Marshall Plan. Revisionist accounts of this period give the impression that AFL representative Irving Brown went zipping from crisis to crisis faster than a speeding bullet, single-handedly subverting whole national labor movements, stopping strikes of "progressive forces" by a quick flash of his cornucopian black bag, and leaping national frontiers with a single bound. Though still a principal actor in Godson's account, Mr. Brown comes off as less than omnipotent, but considerably more interesting than in the unbelievable portrayals by leftist myth-makers.

Professor Godson guides his readers through the events of those years from a dual perspective. As historian, he wants to get an accurate feel for what really went on, what was accomplished, and how it was done. As political scientist he is interested in he AFL as an "NGO," that is, a non-governmental organization acting in international affairs. The NGOs are much studied these days as political scientists recognize that nations and their governments are not the only actors on the international stage.

Godson the historian shows us the structure for foreign-affairs decision-making in the AFL, how the leadership viewed the strengths and intentions of the Communist and non-Communist labor forces in Europe, and what courses of action were finally undertaken. In France and Italy, as the cold war intruded on the temporary spirit of unity that had prevailed during the struggle against Hitler, the AFL opted to support the anti-Communist confederations which had sprung up parallel to and in competition with Communist labor movements. The AFL supported anti-Communists both materially (with food, machines, and money) and politically (with assurances of sympathy, encouragement to act, and dissemination of propaganda attacking Communist labor groups and praising democratic forces). And it supported the Marshall Plan by sponsoring a series of labor conferences on the trade unions' role in the Plan, and by promoting the creation of a dock committee within the International Transport Federation to counter Communist efforts at preventing the unloading of U.S. ships.

As political scientist, Godson concludes that U.S. trade unions, as NGOs, had a significant though not overwhelming effect on what happened in Europe. Given the closely-balanced strength of the contending forces, he speculates that perhaps the AFL's efforts swung the balance in favor of the West. Noting that the AFL was able to act effectively only because of certain prevailing circumstances, Godson concludes his book by estimating whether similar circumstances exist today which might allow a new period of AFL-CIO activity in Europe. He judges that though many things have changed, the present circumstances do offer promising opportunities for U.S. labor. Godson cites as favorable factors the growing interdependence of the Atlantic world, and the rising recognition there that the continued Soviet interest in European trade union developments is aimed to the USSR's strategic advantage. Such circumstances, he suggests, may weaken the anti-anti-Communism of European democratic labor leaders, and thus allow the AFL-CIO to shore up democratic labor in Europe, especially along its Mediterranean littoral.

The book is characterized by careful scholarship, an objective weighing of the evidence, and a refusal to jump to extreme conclusions. Godson's work is balanced, and balance is what has been sorely needed in the literature on international labor affairs. □

William A. Douglas is a labor educator at the American Institute for Free Labor Development, in Washington, D.C.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Just Deserts

Peter J. Rusthoven's excellent essay (February 1977) places the debate over capital punishment in its proper moral context. His conclusion, which rejects the result-oriented rhetoric that too often passes for argumentation on both sides of the issue, is one in which I fully concur: "...even more important than the actual decision we reach is that we discuss the problem in terms which acknowledge its serious moral dimension...." If as a society we decide that the death penalty (together with actual executions) is a weapon we want included among our penal arsenal, then let it be on the ethically coherent grounds of just deserts—and *not* on the empirically inconclusive, morally secondary basis of deterrence.

As Mr. Rusthoven suggests, that one considers the problem in terms of just deserts is not thereby determinative of only one possible resolution. The concept of just deserts is an essential element in the larger ethical framework of Kantian retributivism. The notion of man which informs this retributivism is that of a being who possesses the moral capacity for a sense of justice. This capacity must be seriously regarded and accorded respect by all the members of a community, even —and maybe especially—when a particular individual has himself (temporarily) abandoned that capacity by committing an offense against the community, a crime.

Retributivism not only dictates that some punishment must appropriately follow (just deserts), but also suggests the limits of that punishment (*lex talionis*) consistent with man's nature. While Kant himself himself concluded that death was the only punishment adequate to rectify the justicial and moral disequilibrium caused by a murder, some modern retributivists have cogently inquired how it is possible to continue to respect the moral capacity of another while we prepare to extinguish it by executing him. The argument here is not that a particular murderer might not justly deserve to die. Rather, the question must be: Can our society permit itself to impose such a punishment without, at the same time, eroding those very values—respect for moral capacity, and worth of (even murderous) human life —which it is the larger purpose of a retributivist punishment scheme to preserve and affirm? Simply: might not a rigid adherence to the letter of retribution be, in the case of capital punishment, the undoing of its spirit?

I believe that the more important component of a particular punishment is its expressive function, its symbolic underscoring of society's serious disapproval of certain conduct. Less significant is the actual penalty part of the sentence; it should certainly be commensurate with, but need not be exactly proportionate to, the gravity of the offense. In this light, there are many other severe, and no less condemnatory ways of punishing murderers available to us than the penalty of death.

With Mr. Rusthoven, I would urge that as we sort through the legal complexities left in the wake of the U.S. Supreme Court's July 2nd [1976] and subsequent decisions, we face the moral issue upfront. For it is only on that basis, and not in the mists of unresolvable and diversionary debate about deterrence, that we might reach some sort of morally acceptable resolution of this intractable problem. And though we almost certainly will not reach the same conclusion, it will be no small gain in itself that our differences will emerge from a common framework, and find expression in a shared vocabulary.

Robert A. Pugsley
New York University School of Law
New York, New York

Mr. Rusthoven replies:

Mr. Pugsley's gracious letter reveals that regardless of how one comes out on the question of whether there should be a death penalty, it is possible for those on either side of the debate to discuss the issue in the context of moral consequence rather than utilitarian calculus. As he indicates, this was my primary focus in writing the article.

I would make only a few points in response to Mr. Pugsley's thoughtful suggestion of moral arguments against capital punishment. First, I do not believe that executions extinguish respect for "moral capacity." On the contrary, in meting out the punishment of death to one who we have determined, in Mr. Pugsley's phrase, "justly deserves to die," we in fact acknowledge his moral capacity. That is, we treat him as a responsible adult individual, who is or should be cognizant of the moral significance of his acts, and who therefore merits the consequences appropriate to those acts. We are extinguishing his life, to be sure; but I do not believe this constitutes a societal failure to recognize or respect moral capacity.

Second, the moral value preserved and affirmed by executions is not simply respect for human life; rather, the value being served is more precisely expressed as respect for the principle that human life should not be taken without cause and (save for war, self-defense, or the like) without due process of law. It is not mere playing with words to emphasize that executions administered after full and fair trials, and with adequate consideration of the particular and possibly relevant circumstances accompanying individual cases, do no violence to the principle stated above. Unless one views existence *per se* as the primary moral value to be served—which I do not—then I believe the alternative I have suggested here is in fact the relevant value to be considered in the moral debate on capital punishment.

I do not propose that we embark on a "rigid adherence to the letter of retribution" that will finally result in the "undoing of its spirit." Rather, I would advocate consistent application of a morally deserved punishment, while retaining our judgmental capacity to make the individualized determinations appropriate to particular situations. With Mr. Pugsley, however, I believe that given the history of the capital punishment debate in this and other countries, it is primarily important that our differences "emerge from a common framework, and find expression in a shared vocabulary"—namely, the framework and vocabulary of serious moral discourse.

More on the Red Scare

John Fox's article in the January *Alternative* ("The Reasons for the Red Scare") is a dandy!

One comment, however. Fox includes Lauchlin Currie among those whose disloyal (the sentence does not quite specify) activities were "subsequently documented." I knew Currie very well and still count him a friend. We were very close, he as a tutor in Leverett House where I lived just above his office, from 1931 to 1934. And during the 1930s in and out of Washington I saw him occasionally and on various bases. We had some contacts when he lived in Scarsdale and since then at Columbia. I followed the allegations and his responses.

If he had been a Communist sympathizer, to say nothing of "follower," I think that I should have sensed this in the days of deep depression when we ate together several times a week. Never, to the best of my knowledge, was there occasion for such a conclusion. And from what I know of his record as one of the advisors to the President, I accept his own statements as presented to the committees. Their evidence was in his case scarcely deserving of the term "tenuous," if my memory is as good as I think it is on an issue that to me was sensitive.

C. Lowell Harriss
New York, New York

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CURRENT WISDOM

The New Republic

Good news for Mr. Peter Baldwin Schwab, his kin, his loved ones, and all who cherished his memory:

Correction

In the December 25, 1976 issue of *The New Republic*, an article entitled "Ten Years Out" by T.D. Allman reported erroneously that Peter Baldwin Schwab, a member of the Harvard class of 1966, committed suicide in 1971. In fact, Mr. Schwab died of a heart attack. The article also reported incorrectly that Mr. Schwab, while an undergraduate, was a member of Young Americans for Freedom. *The New Republic* deeply regrets this error.

[*January 15, 1977*]

You

Mrs. Rosalie Schwab unveils a thoughtful testimonial to the important new magazine *You*, a magazine that apparently intends to institutionalize 1968:

You have succeeded in putting together a very together magazine. It's a magazine I can really relate to, having gone the route of a crusader in the 60s, then trying to find a place of my own in society: going by the rules, settling down to marriage and children until the time came for me to make a life for myself. I'd been doing the "right" thing, even if it wasn't right for me.

After 28 years of life, I'm finally getting to really know me and getting myself together. Just loving and learning and living life. It's all so great, so glorious—even if the decisions turn out to be the wrong ones, *I've* made them by myself.

[*February 1977*]

New Times

The higher intellection and *belles lettres* as practiced at *New Times*, a modern magazine where *la vie intellectuelle* is presented in component parts:

Why isn't McGeorge Bundy running an employment service for his disabled veterans instead of the Ford Foundation? And why didn't Robert McNamara quit the war he privately came to despise, or came to pretend to despise? A modest proposal: from now on let the president of our country take as his principal responsibility in time of war the burial of his dead, the disposal of the detritus created by the state's policies. And what he tries to bury we will urge [Gloria] Emerson, and a few other rude and unpleasant people like her, to dig up again. And maybe eventually, after sufficient stink and rudeness and noise (and death and ruin), it will seem to make for nicer days to leave strangers to their lives.

[*February 4, 1977*]

New York

A thoughtful reflection eminently worthy of the next edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* from futurologist Dr. Duane Elton:

Once you discover that space doesn't matter, or that time can be traveled through at will so that time doesn't matter, and that matter can be moved by consciousness so that matter doesn't matter—well, you can't go home again.

[*Year-End Issue*]

Commonweal

Notwithstanding correspondent Fox Butterfield's February 12, 1977 *New York Times* report estimating the population of South Vietnam's concentration camps to embrace anywhere from 50,000 to 300,000 souls, *Commonweal*, the Christian beacon, publishes the following curiosity:

Celebrate Vietnamese New Year

February 28, the Vietnamese celebrate Tet, or New Year. Tet is a symbol of Spring, of birth, of a new beginning, a time for families to come together. This Tet will be more festive as thousands of families long separated by war are reunited. The healing process of reunification has begun.

The survivors of the My Lai massacre are also celebrating a new beginning. When peace came in 1975 they returned to their hamlets. They rebuilt their homes, a school, a store, and a community center. With your help they can have a hospital.

For 8 years My Lai has been a symbol of death. Now it is full of life. You can contribute to life with a donation to build the FRIENDSHIPMENT hospital at My Lai. $140,000 is needed for construction materials and medical equipment. The Vietnamese have drawn up the plans and will provide labor sand and tiles [sic].

It is also time for the U.S. government to begin a new era a fruitful negotiations [sic] toward normalization of relations with Vietnam. Mr. Carter has a unique opportunity to start the process of reconciliation, by offering aid to help rebuild Vietnam. The Americans who are building the My Lai hospital are helping to keep the door to negotiations open. He need only step in...Join us by making your contribution today.

[*February 18, 1977*]

The Great Books Series

Another thoughtful ukase from one of the new breed of female metaphysicians, one who would make such a very nice neighbor—especially if you needed to borrow some Librium:

I have spent too many years of my life, too much of my energy, supporting the male ego. I have quietly tolerated macho in men while it sickened me to the point of vomiting. I no longer tolerate it in men. I puke openly. I have learned to puke at the government, at the police, at the FBI; later to puke at the Black Panthers and the Symbionese Liberation Army. Why should I tolerate a new form of macho in women? Eventually it will be directed at me...it always is.

Thinking Like A Woman
by Leah Fritz
[WIN Books, publisher]

Food World

Delirious notification from the official newspaper of the food industry, *Food World*, another casualty of the new math:

Now that Jimmy Carter has the reins in his hands or the bit in his mouth, the next four years should be one of the most interesting in the history of the presidency and the people of our United States.

[*January 1977*]

Washington Post

The compassionate Mr. Petey Green, distinguished Washington talk-show host, reveals a profound understanding of American polity and economics during a memorable interview for a *Washington Post* report on Cadillacs and poor people:

"I remember when the congressmen on the Hill used to debate what was going to be done about the poor people in this city," Green says, "but the people on Capitol Hill only had to look out of their office building windows right into some of of these alleys and see all of them Cadillacs parked out there.

"Some would say why do you people need assistance when you got all them Cadillacs. It didn't make any difference that they had to park their cars next to outdoor toilets. The congressmen only saw the cars."

[*February 23, 1977*]

Village Voice

Choice vaporings from one of the illustrious *Village Voice*'s resident historians:

Nobody needs to overthrow capitalism. It will die a natural death. In the meantime it's very exciting to be living in a time and a country where new viable wholesome tribalistic structures are emerging right in the shadow of the collapsible monster. If I can't quite make it there myself I'm happy to be a part of it through my kids, who may not stay, but who will have stayed long enough to make the irrevocable contrast.

[*January 3, 1977*]

Ms.

Thanks to the women's movement, it is increasingly obvious that the last several thousands years of world history were but a puny overture to the present, an epic of unparalleled intellectual achievement, with one masterwork after another being thrown off by the feminist Aristotles. Here *Ms.* apprises an eager world of yet another feminist classic destined to be read for centuries, *Our Blood: Prophecies and Discourses on Sexual Politics* by Andrea Dworkin:

She scrutinizes historical and psychological issues, including female masochism, rape, the slavery of women in "Amerika," and the burning of nine million witches during the Middle Ages. Then she calls for—insists upon, really—a complete cultural transformation, the rooting out of sex roles from our society.

[*March 1977*]

Worldview

Dr. Doug Hostetter of the enlightened United Methodist Office for the United Nations, shares with the readers of *Worldview* his golden moments on Fidel's island paradise:

In my trip to Havana this past September I found Cuba's combination of spontaneity and bureaucratic rationality enabled her to feed, clothe, house, and educate her people while still being one of the most exciting countries I had ever visited.

[*Jan./Feb. 1977*]

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MONKEY TRIAL
(continued from page 35)

criminatory capability. There is a continuum from the total ban of pornography to total license. I see no reason why communities cannot opt for the policy of their choice. If Indianapolis temporarily proscribes James Joyce or Berkeley proscribes Milton Friedman, we have a judicial system through which we can ultimately seek redress.

Intelligent people can discriminate between pornography and art. The rights of the pornographer can be balanced against the rights of a community that judges pornography baneful. One can make pornography less accessible without banning it totally. The claim that by regulating pornography's availability America glissades down a slippery slope toward total censorship, is pristine and exquisite balderdash. If for its own survival each freedom must be given absolute license why are our vicarious civil libertarians not exercised over income tax laws or the regulation of commerce? By limiting some income are we not on a slippery slope toward banning all income, or by limiting access to booze are we not on a slippery slope toward prohibition? No doubt speed limits put us on a slippery slope toward eliminating motion, and the absence of them might put us on a slippery slope toward the speed of light. The absurdity of the slippery slope argument stands up and roars for attention when one considers that those who use it to preserve and protect pornography are the very statists who so often demand government consumer legislation, affirmative action, busing, and other such tyrannies. And the nitwittery about slippery slopes aside, how much intelligence does it take to see the inevitable conflict of different freedoms, for instance freedom of speech and freedom to privacy? Obviously in any free society judgments must be made about the boundaries of potentially conflicting freedoms.

Ah, but I theorize; and meanwhile back in the real world a fellow human being is stalked and harassed. His cause is unpopular and even dangerous, and so it has fallen to idealists like Mr. Talese, John Dean, and the editor of *Rolling Stone*, America's equivalent of *samizdat*, to answer liberty's call. Full of purpose and Jeffersonian oratory they marshal the forces of liberty on behalf of the embattled Mr. Flynt. No wonder Alexander Solzhenitsyn has moved to America. It must be enormously reassuring to him to know that down in Manhattan these great minds are paying the price of eternal vigilance. Who says America has no heroes? □

THE CONTINUING CRISIS
(continued from page 2)

all on welfare. Nonetheless she strives to be an informed citizen, and apparently is an assiduous listener to National Public Radio as she revealed when asked by a UPI reporter to relieve some philosophic gas: "It's no disgrace to be on welfare," explained the convicted prostitute and heroin peddler. "If you can't help yourself, who can help you? People need more help. If people aren't misusing the funds, they deserve it." No United States Senator ever put it more succinctly.

■ Meanwhile controversy rages as to whether Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada, the unusual president of progressive, anti-colonialist Uganda, is extraordinarily clever, as averred by the profs of African politics, or suffering tertiary syphilis (general paresis of the insane) as suggested by medical observers. Whatever the source of his vagaries, all agree that road conditions in Uganda are deplorable, especially for Ugandan politicians and surviving Anglicans. In February the Ugandan rush hour claimed the lives of two Cabinet members and the Archbishop of Uganda, while on March 12 the wife of a Ugandan bishop met a similar misfortune, eliciting a world-wide storm of controversy. Nonetheless His Excellency has announced plans to unseat Queen Elizabeth as British Commonwealth head at the Commonwealth Countries' June meeting in London, an undertaking that would be less problematic were the meeting to be held in Uganda. —*RET*

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Tyrrell's Prose and High Moral Character Judged by Readers Across America

R. Emmett Tyrrell's writing—in The Alternative, Harper's, Commentary, the New York Times, and Newsweek—always elicits admiring and courteous responses from the *crème de la crème* of American intellectualoids. Hundreds of letters have poured in throughout the year. Here is a sampling of some of the most thoughtful:

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